TINKLE

COLLECTION : 256 Rs 40

FOLKTALES OF SOUTH INDIA

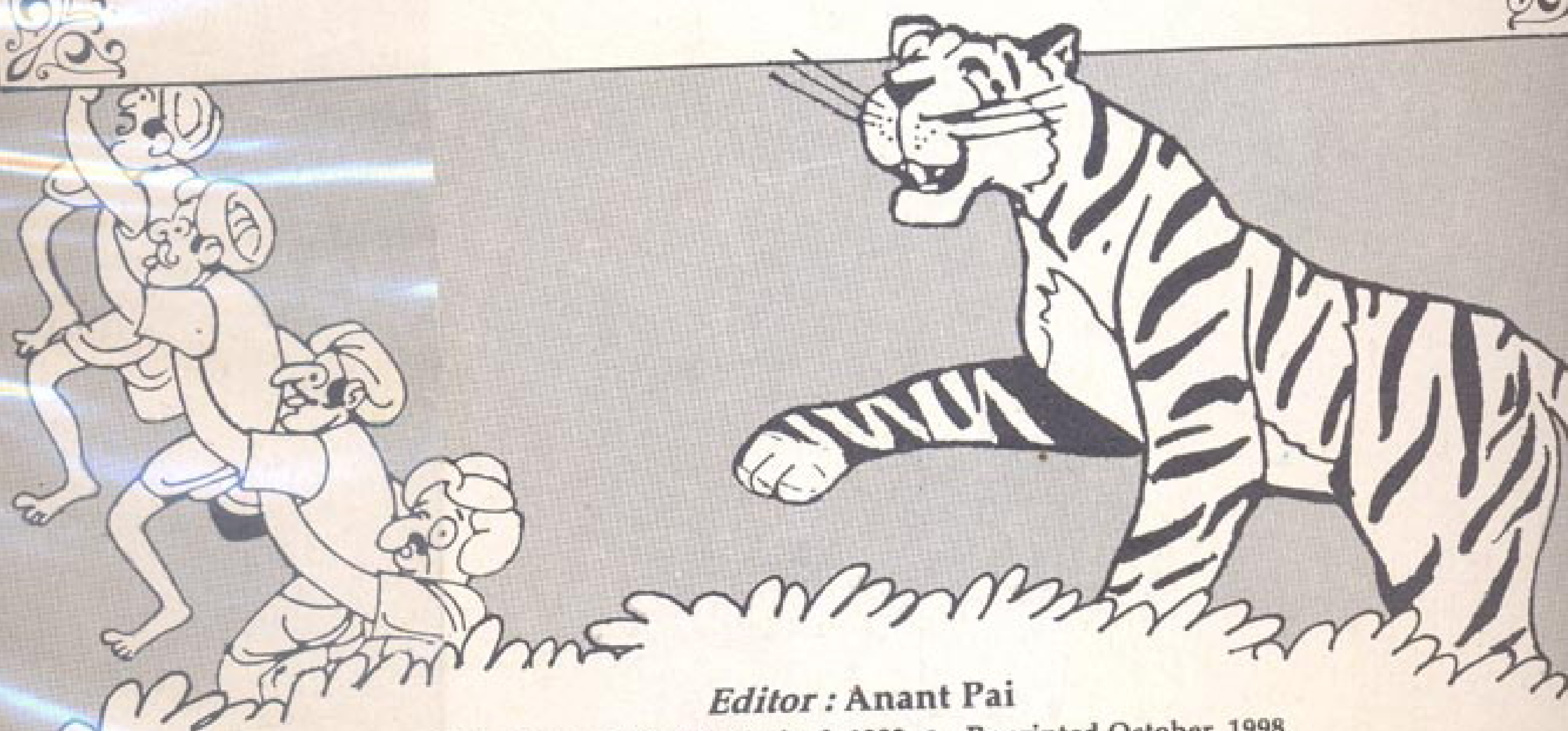


IBH

FOLKTALES OF SOUTH INDIA

India has a very rich cultural heritage. An integral part of this culture are the folktales – ancient stories which have been passed on from one generation to another by word of mouth. Folktales give us an insight into ancient India. They turn the clock back hundreds of years, thereby giving us an opportunity to sample the delectable flavour of the past.

This collection brings you a classic mixture of funny, informative and interesting folktales from the Southern regions of India. Enjoy a ride on 'The Heavenly Elephant', meet 'The Man in the Bush', find out 'How the Dwarf Outwitted the Giant' and lots more in these Folktales of South India.



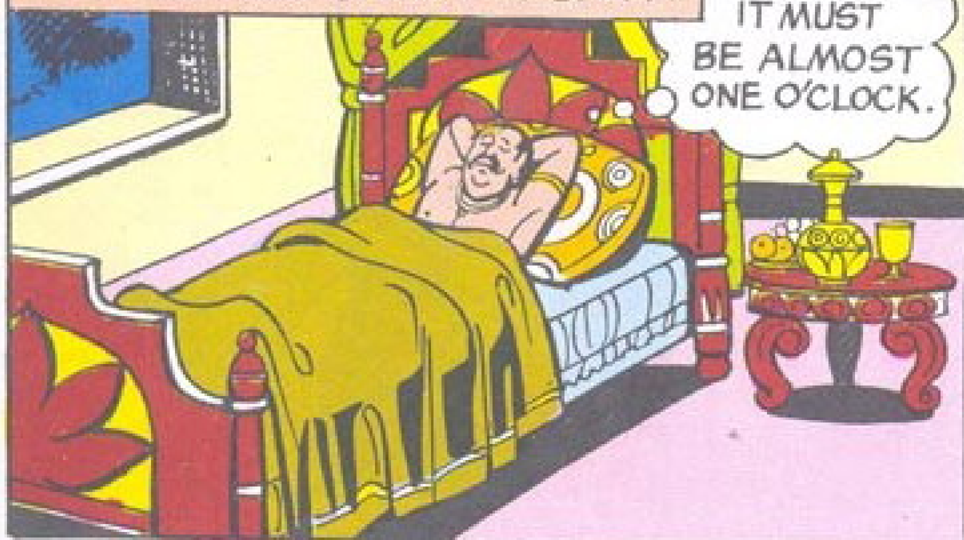
Editor : **Anant Pai**

 • Reprinted October, 1998.

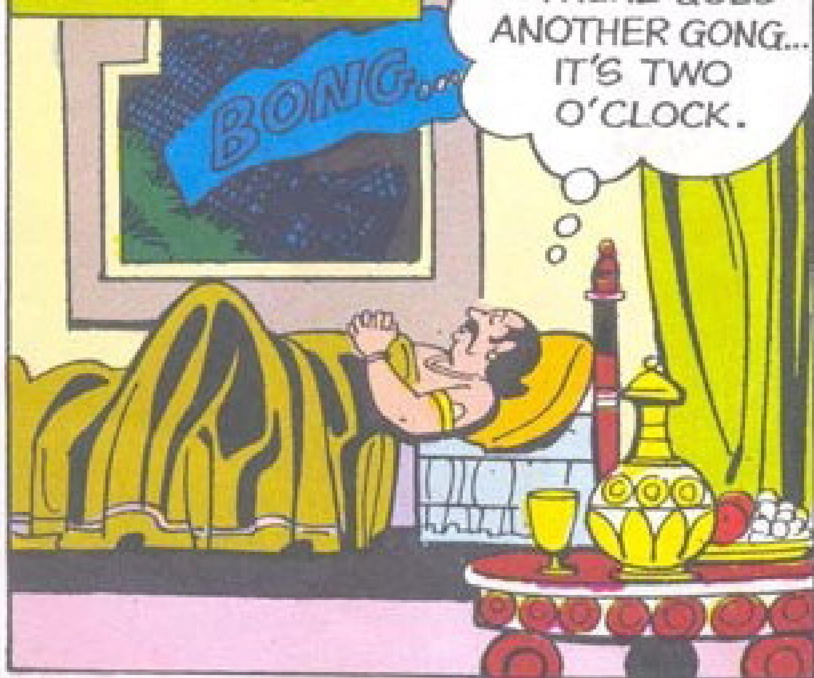
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THE KING WHO STOPPED THE RIVER
— A FOLKTALE FROM SOUTH INDIA

Script : Luis M.Fernandes
Illustrations : M. Mohandas

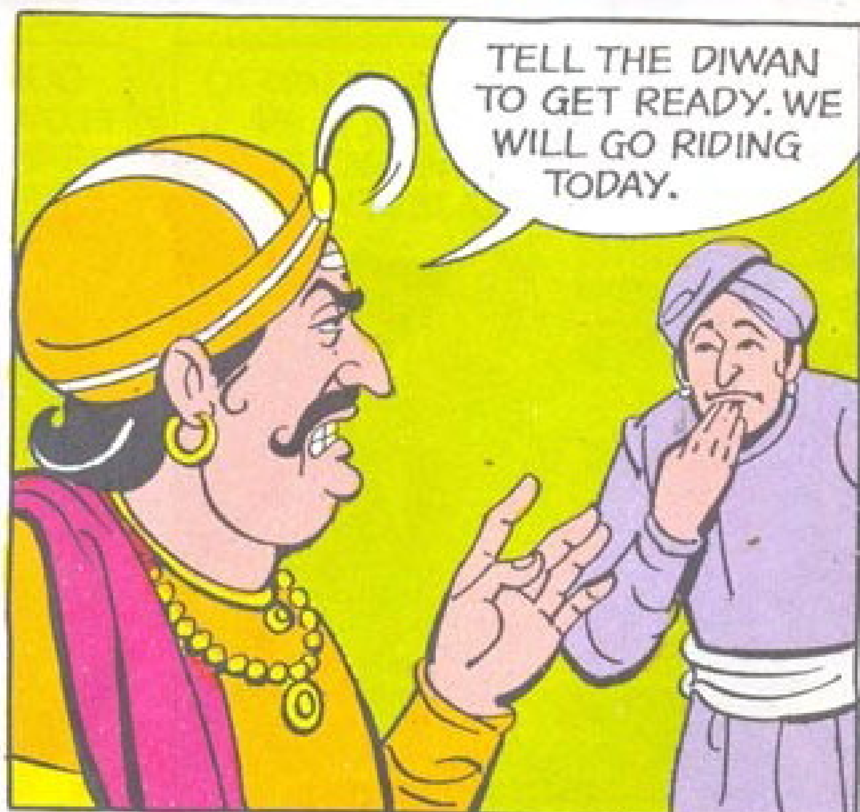













SO THE KING AND HIS WISE DIWAN SET OUT.

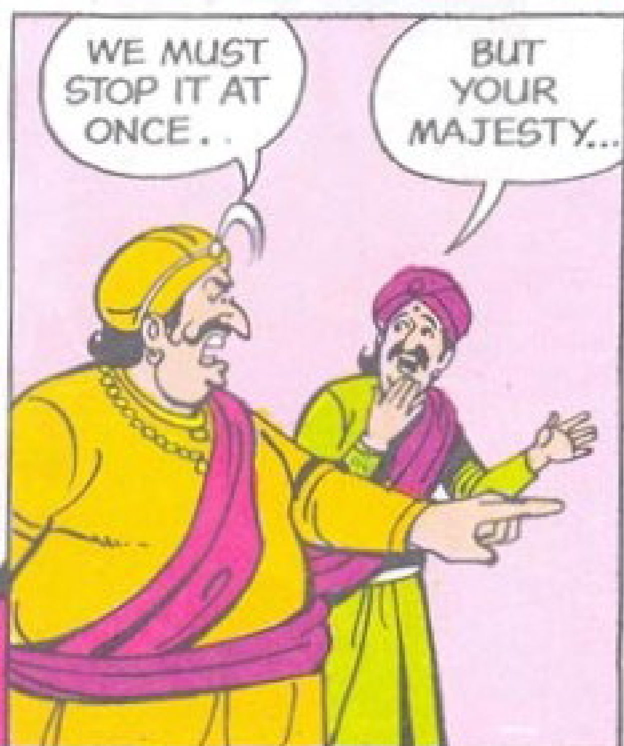

AN HOUR LATER –
YOUR MAJESTY, HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?
MUCH BETTER.


BUT I'M THIRSTY. LET'S STOP BY THAT RIVER.


SUCH CLEAR, SPARKLING WATER! WHERE DOES THIS RIVER FLOW?


IT FLOWS DOWN TO THAT KINGDOM IN THE EAST, YOUR MAJESTY.


OUR RIVER FLOWING INTO THEIR COUNTRY?


WE MUST STOP IT AT ONCE. .
BUT YOUR MAJESTY...

NO BUTS, DIWAN. I WANT A DAM BUILT HERE.

THE DAM WAS BUILT. BUT NOW SINCE THE RIVER COULD NOT FLOW DOWN ITS USUAL COURSE...

...IT OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS AND FLOODED THE COUNTRYSIDE.

IT WILL BE WORSE DURING THE MONSOON.

SO WHAT?

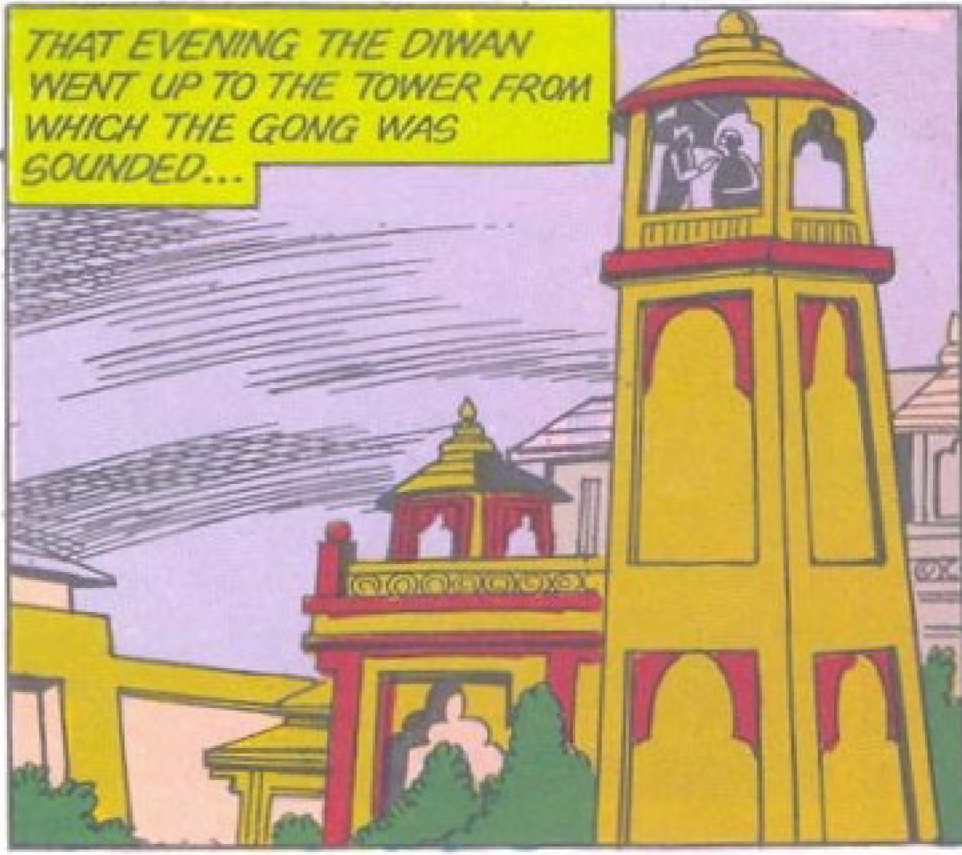
WE'VE GOT OUR RIVER ALL TO OURSELVES, HAVEN'T WE?

HOW FOOLISH CAN HE GET?

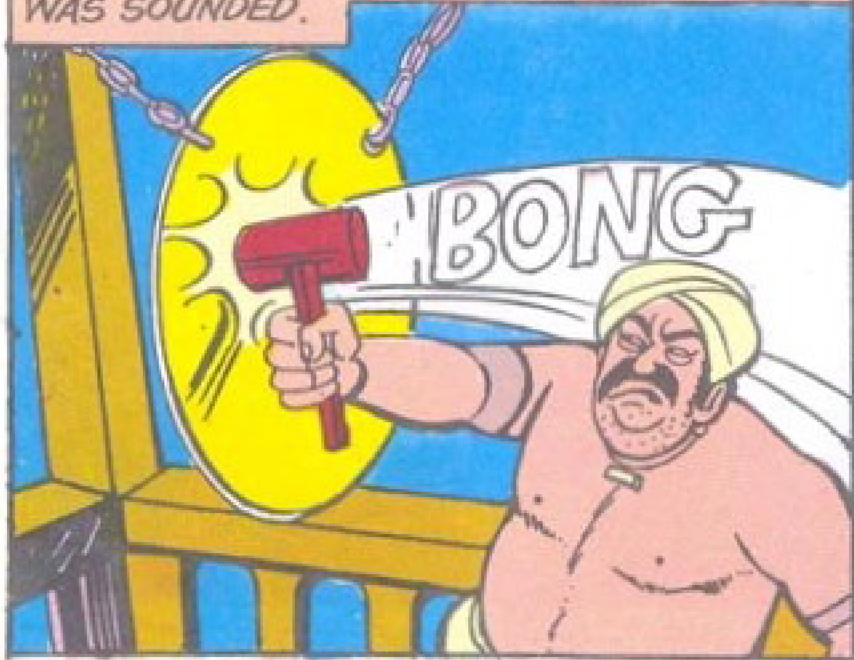
CAN'T HE SEE THAT OUR NEIGHBOURS WILL SOON ATTACK US FOR STOPPING THEIR WATER SUPPLY?

I MUST GET HIM TO BREAK DOWN THAT DAM...

AH! I'VE GOT IT!

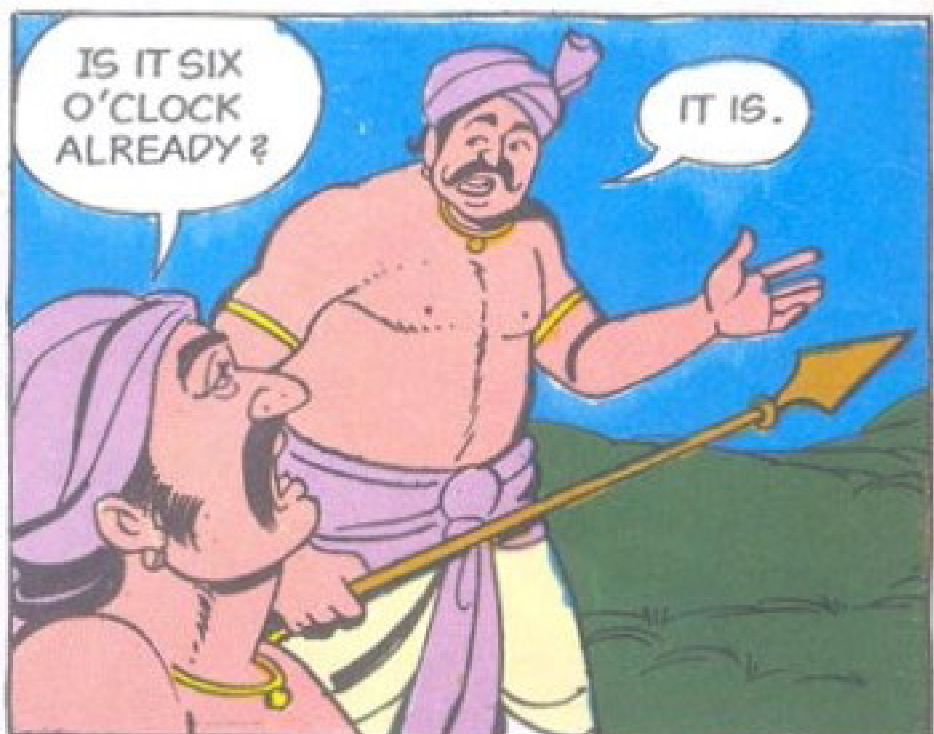

THAT EVENING THE DIWAN WENT UP TO THE TOWER FROM WHICH THE GONG WAS SOUNDED...


...AND SPOKE TO THE MAN THERE.
AFTER MIDNIGHT I WANT YOU TO SOUND THE GONG EVERY HALF-HOUR. NOT EVERY HOUR, AS YOU DO NOW.
AS YOU COMMAND, SIR.


BECAUSE OF THE DIWAN'S ORDER IT WAS ONLY 3 O'CLOCK WHEN THE SIXTH GONG WAS SOUNDED.
BONG


BONGooo
ZZZZZ
THE SIXTH GONG! IT'S SIX O'CLOCK. I'D BETTER WAKE UP THE OTHERS.


GET UP! OUR DUTY IS OVER...
ZZZHUH!


IS IT SIX O'CLOCK ALREADY?
IT IS.


THEN WHY IS IT SO DARK?
YOU'RE RIGHT. I DIDN'T THINK OF THAT.


THE SUN SHOULD HAVE BEEN UP BY NOW.
SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO IT.

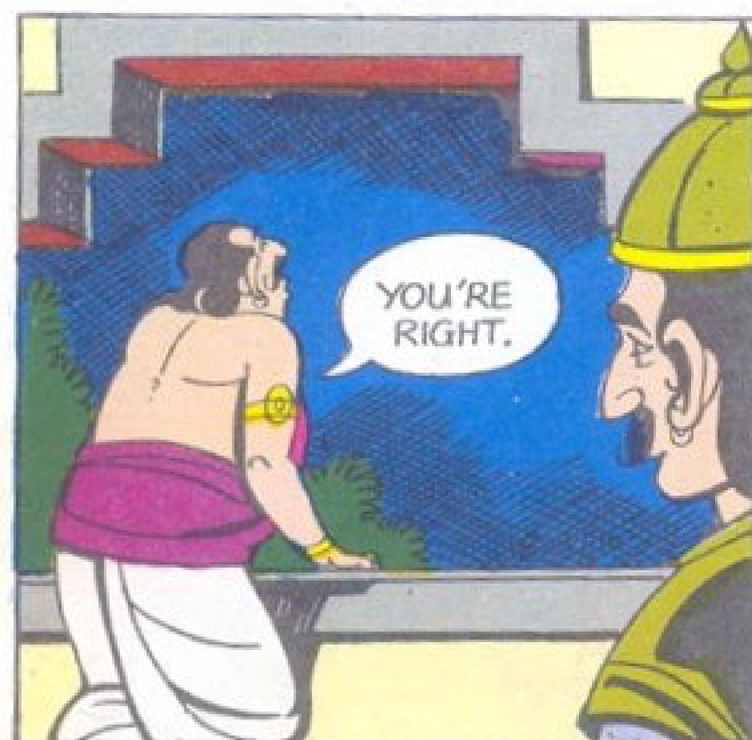

WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THE SUN?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? WE'D BETTER SOUND THE ALARM.


WAKE UP! WAKE UP, EVERYBODY!
SOME-THING HAS HAPPENED TO THE SUN!


THERE WAS PANIC IN THE PALACE. THE COMMANDER OF THE ARMY RUSHED TO THE KING'S CHAMBER.
WAKE UP, YOUR MAJESTY! A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED!
EH...?


IT'S SIX O'CLOCK BUT THE SUN HASN'T RISEN AS YET.
HASN'T RISEN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE SUN HASN'T RISEN?!

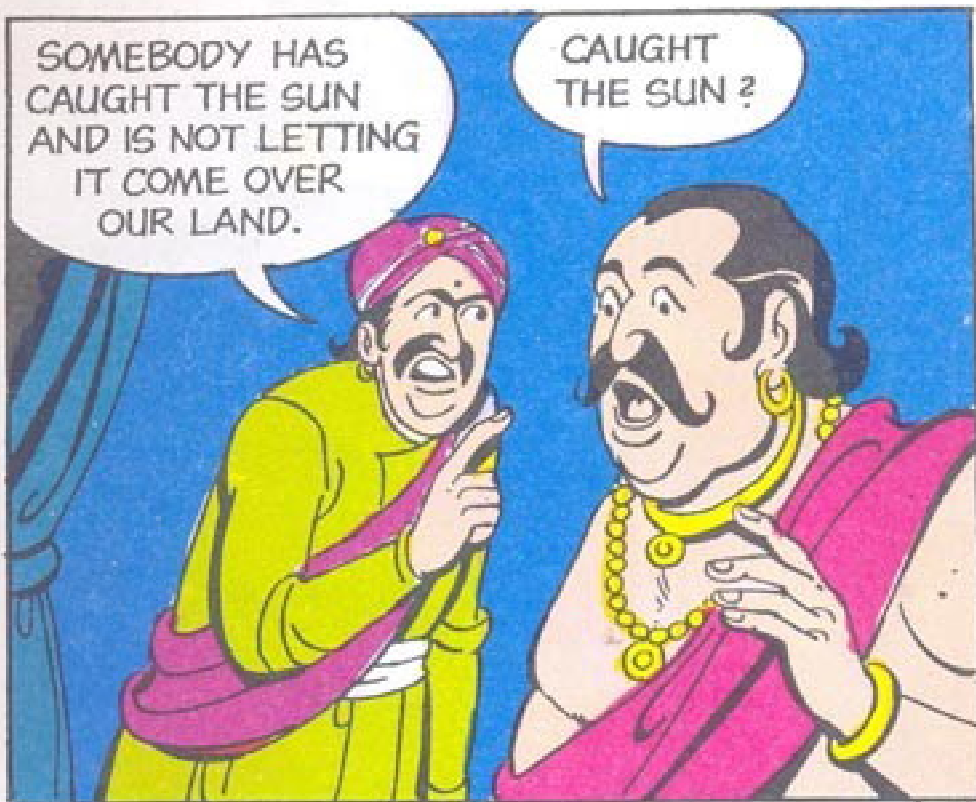

IT HASN'T, YOUR MAJESTY. SEE FOR YOURSELF.

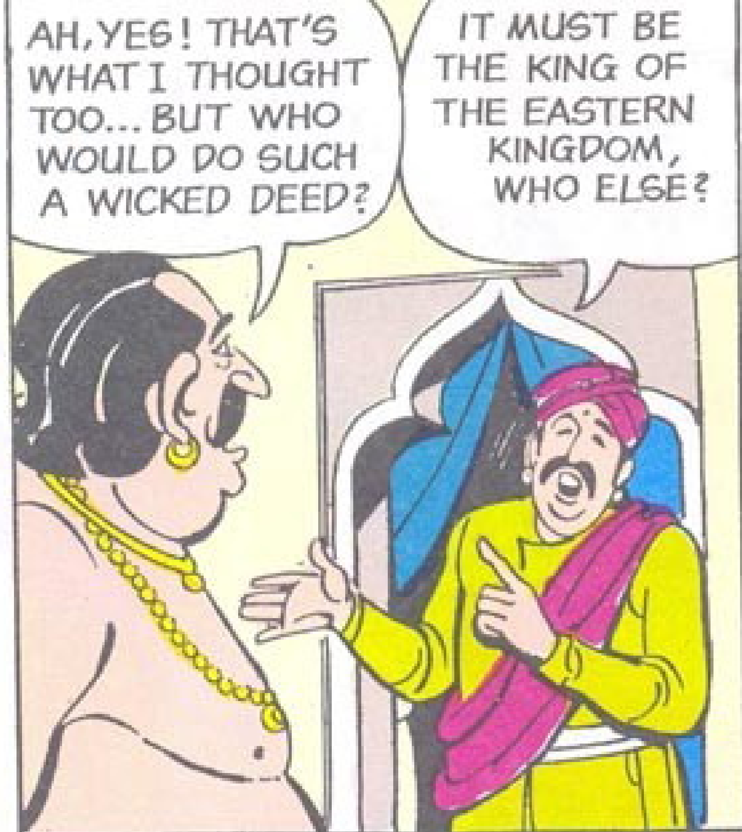

YOU'RE RIGHT.

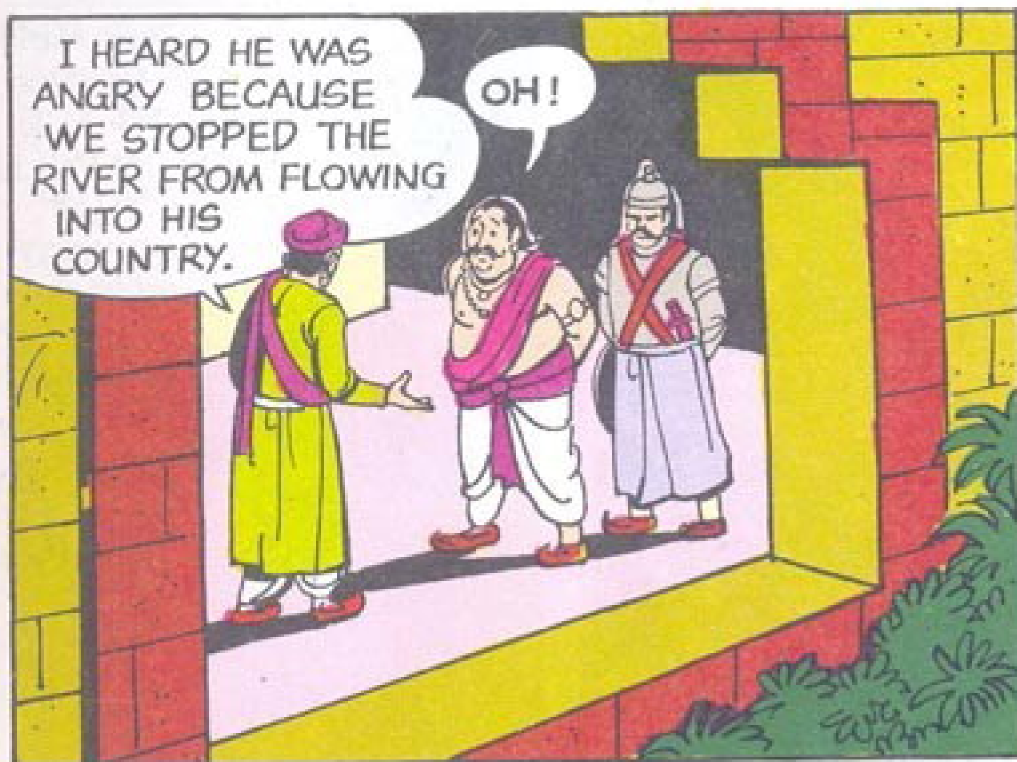

SUMMON THE DIWAN!

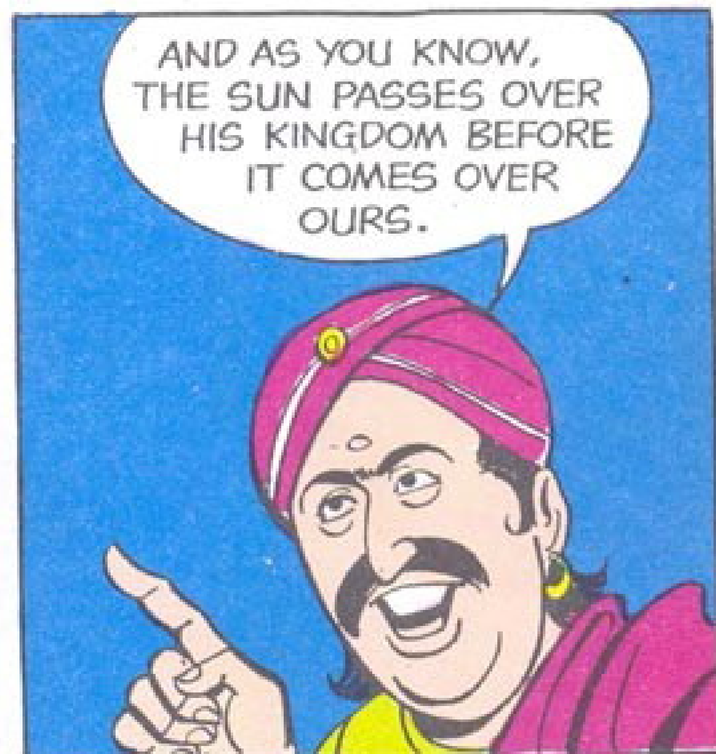

WHEN THE DIWAN CAME —
WHAT'S ALL THIS! WHY HASN'T THE SUN COME UP AS YET?
I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT, YOUR MAJESTY.

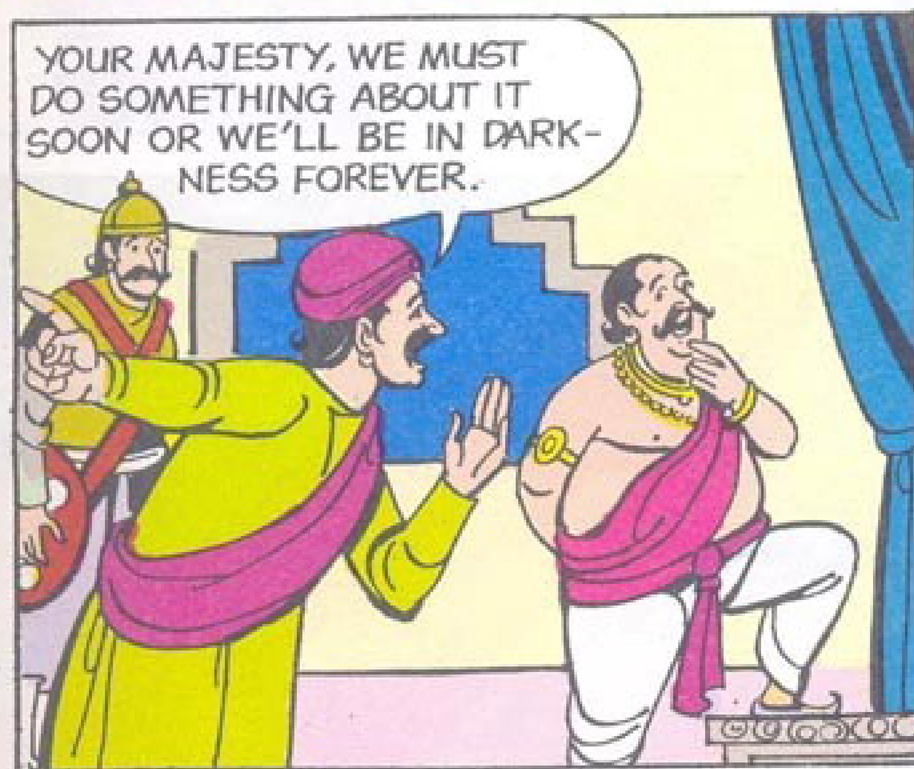

THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE REASON.
WHAT?


SOMEBODY HAS CAUGHT THE SUN AND IS NOT LETTING IT COME OVER OUR LAND.
CAUGHT THE SUN?


AH, YES! THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT TOO... BUT WHO WOULD DO SUCH A WICKED DEED?
IT MUST BE THE KING OF THE EASTERN KINGDOM, WHO ELSE?


I HEARD HE WAS ANGRY BECAUSE WE STOPPED THE RIVER FROM FLOWING INTO HIS COUNTRY.
OH!


AND AS YOU KNOW, THE SUN PASSES OVER HIS KINGDOM BEFORE IT COMES OVER OURS.


YOUR MAJESTY, WE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT SOON OR WE'LL BE IN DARK-NESS FOREVER.


DO YOU THINK...
YES?

DO YOU THINK HE WOULD LET THE SUN GO IF WE LET THE RIVER FLOW INTO HIS COUNTRY AGAIN ?

WHAT A BRILLIANT IDEA, YOUR MAJESTY!

AH, WELL, MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID I WAS A VERY CLEVER FELLOW!

WELL, NOW... WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK DOWN THAT DAM.

I AGREE.

SUMMON THE COMMANDER OF MY ARMY!

I AM HERE, YOUR MAJESTY.

GET YOUR MEN! WE ARE GOING DOWN TO THE RIVER TO PULL DOWN THAT DAM AS FAST AS WE CAN.

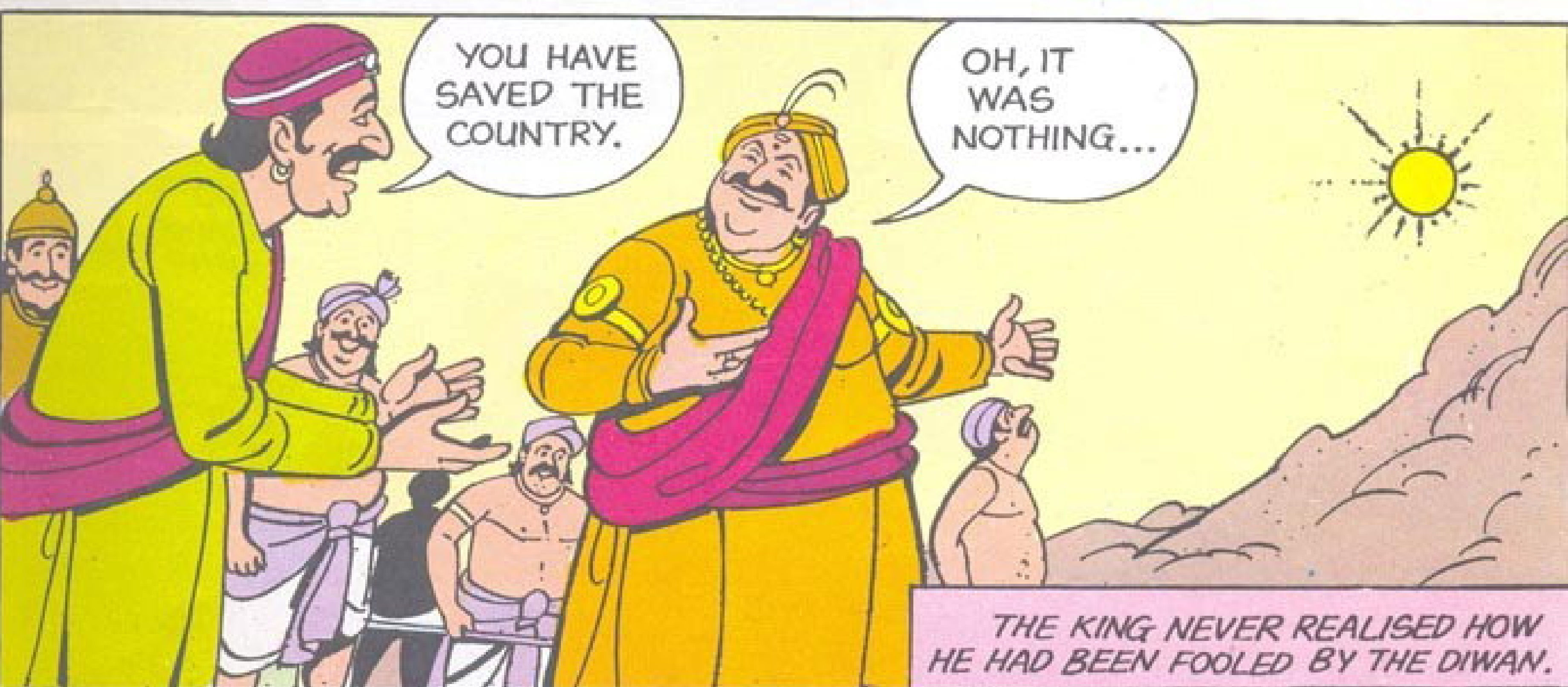



...AND BEFORE DAWN THEY BROKE THE DAM DOWN.


THE RIVER BEGAN TO FLOW TO THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY AGAIN.


THE SUN SHOULD BE COMING UP ANY MOMENT NOW.


AND SURE ENOUGH —
THE SUN ! LOOK! THEY'VE LET THE SUN GO!
YOUR PLAN WORKED, YOUR MAJESTY.


YOU HAVE SAVED THE COUNTRY.
OH, IT WAS NOTHING...
THE KING NEVER REALISED HOW HE HAD BEEN FOOLED BY THE DIWAN.

PUNYAKOTI

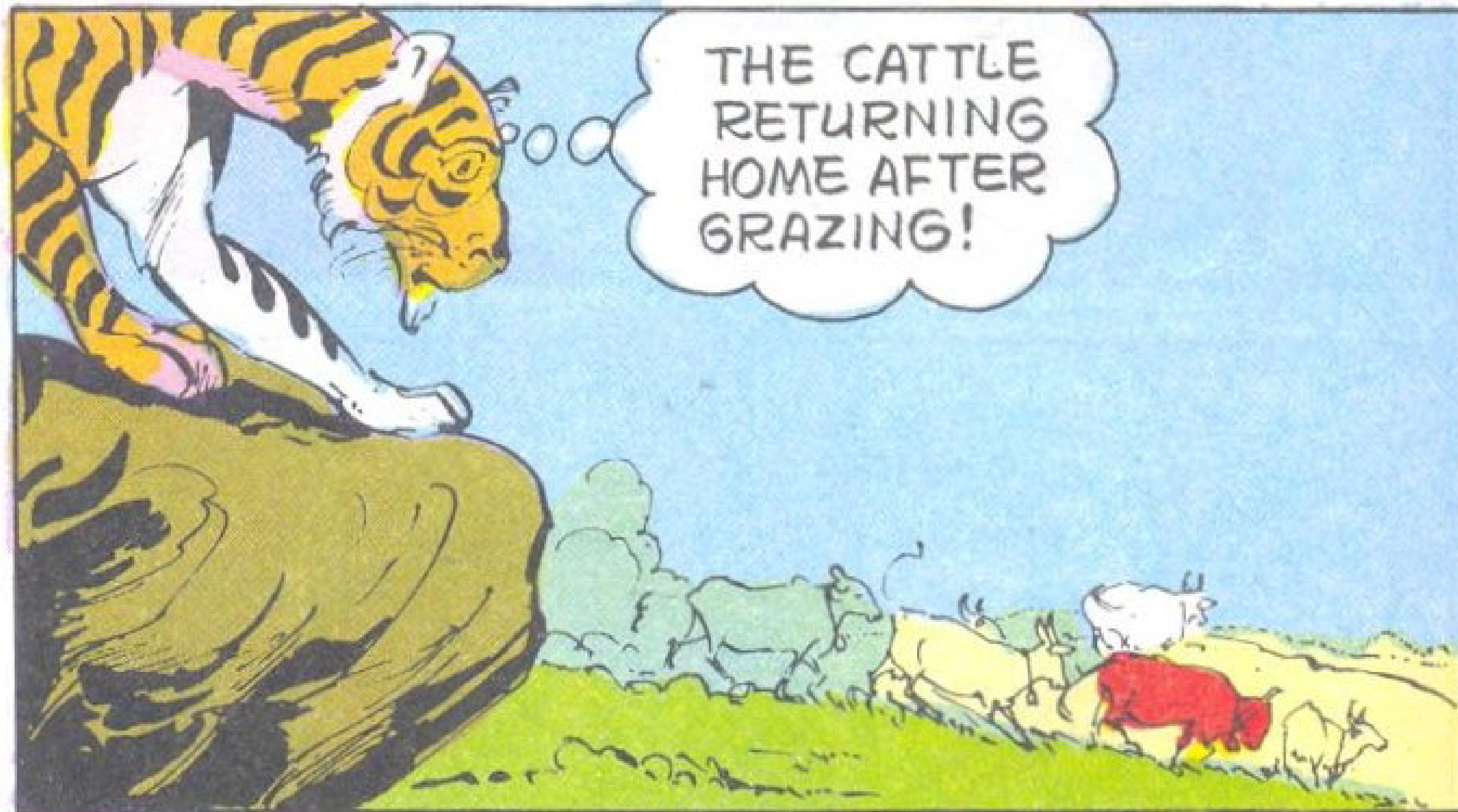
- A folktale from Karnataka.

Script:
Subba Rao
Illustrations:
K. Chandranath



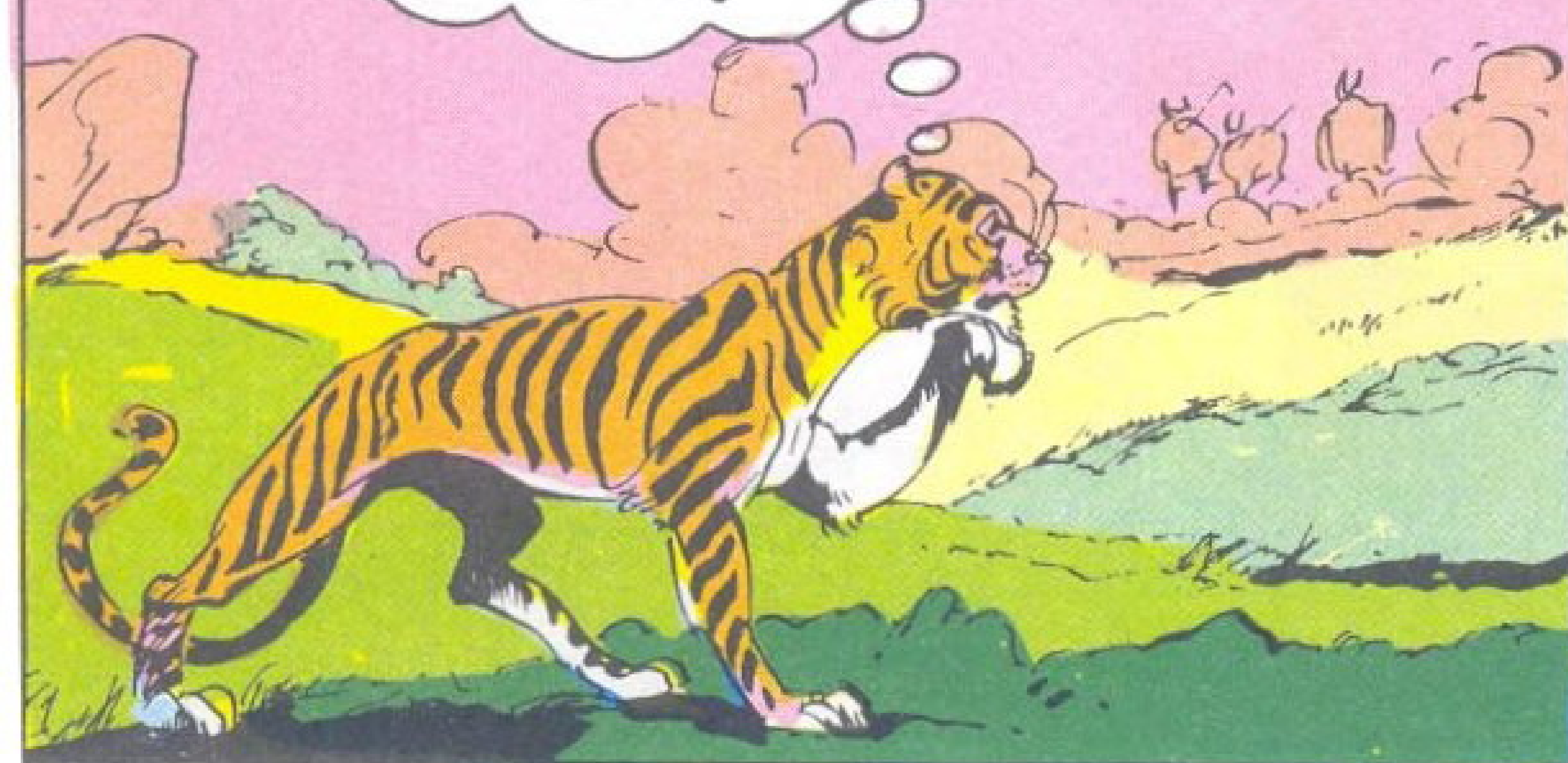


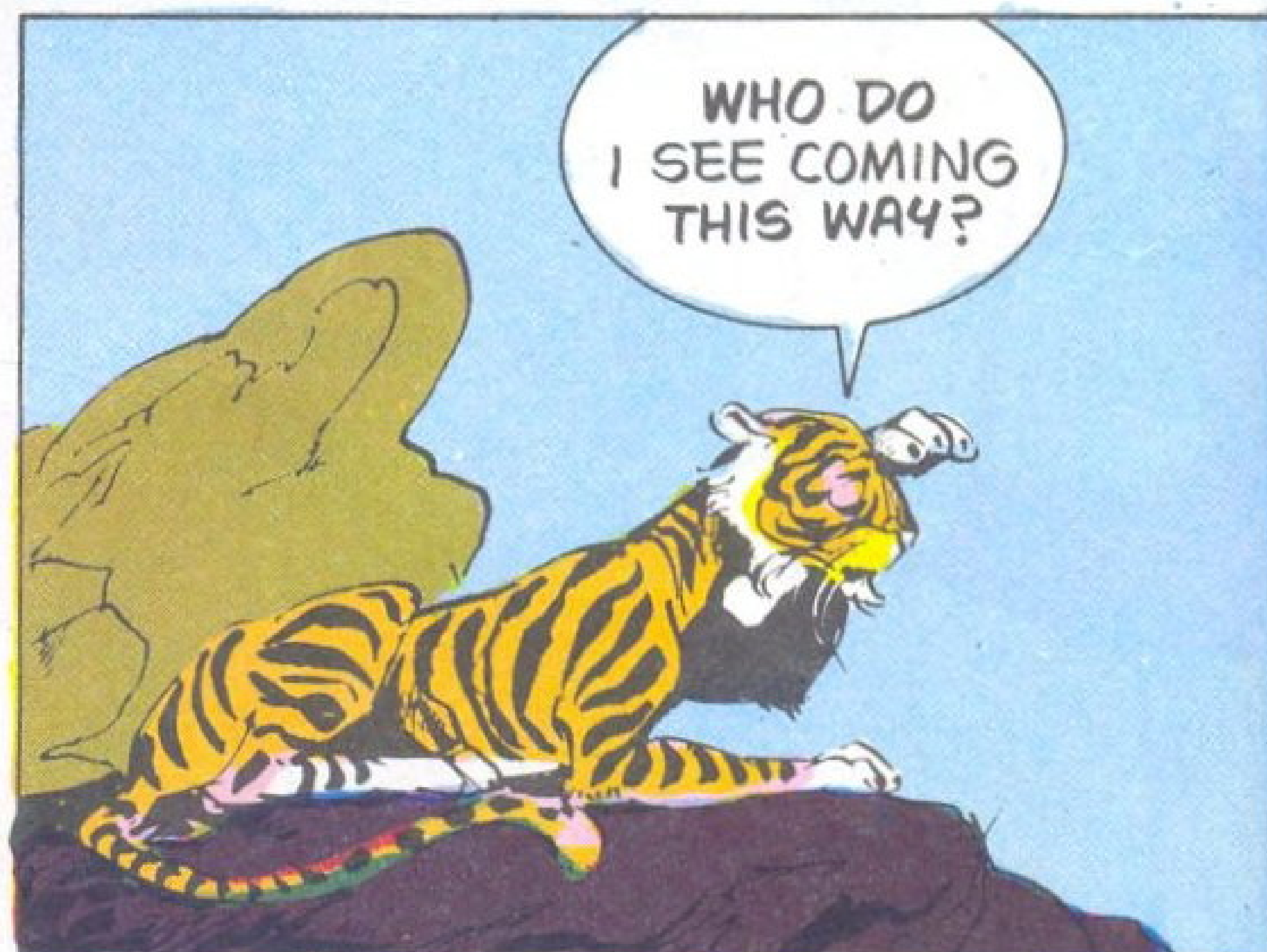


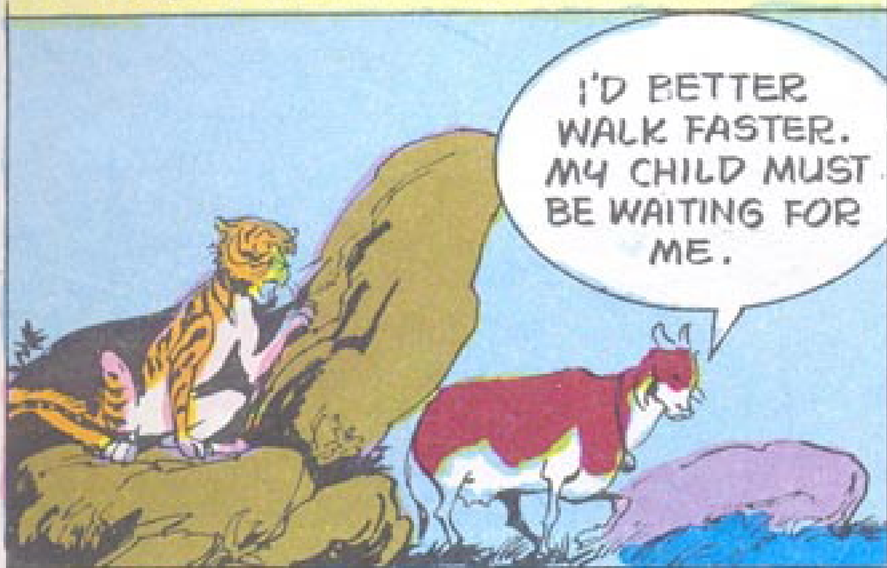


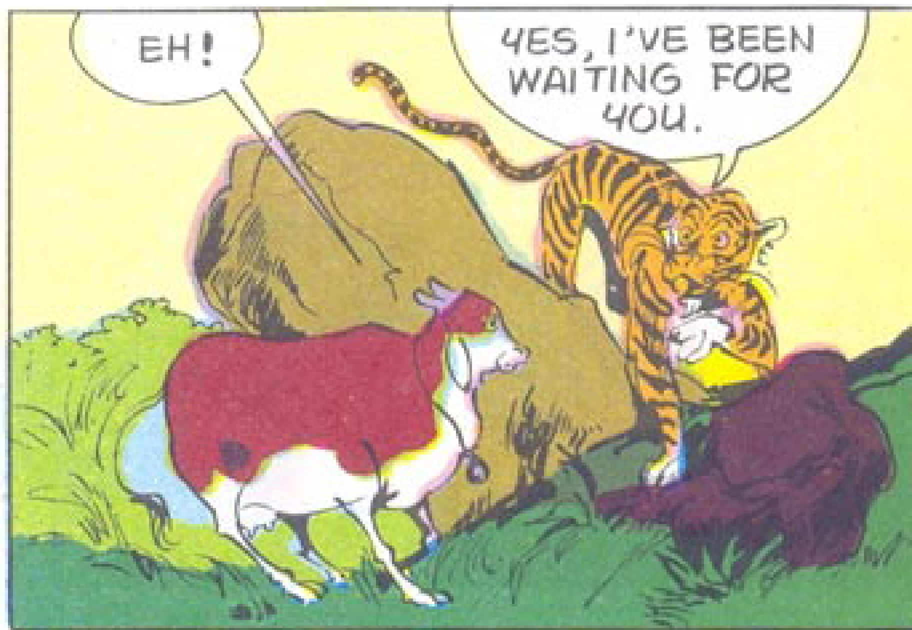






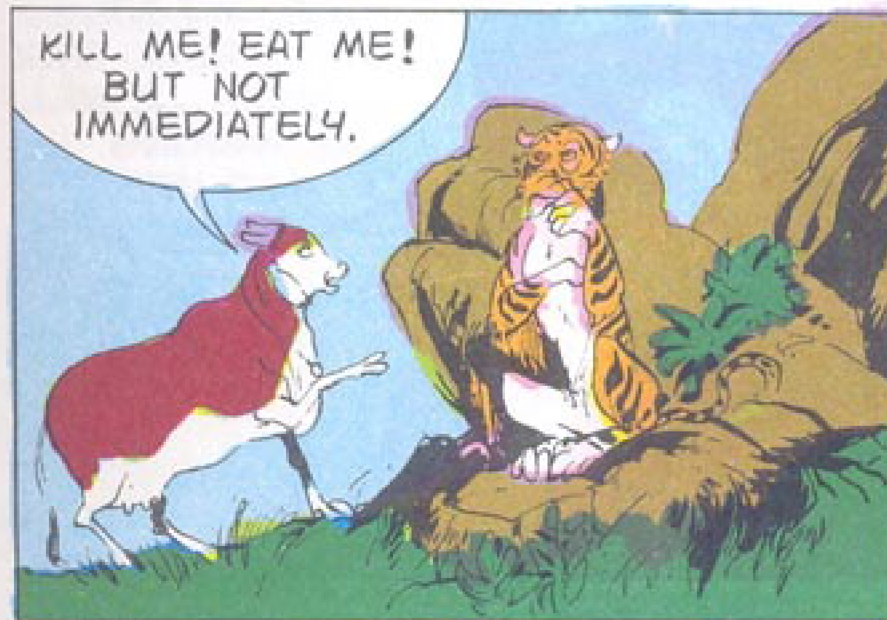


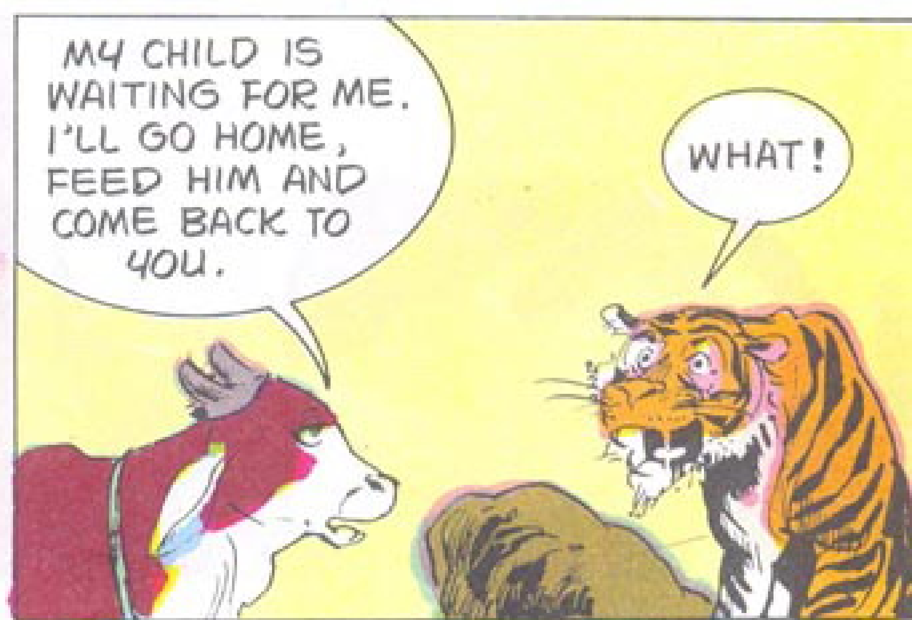

IT WAS A COW CALLED PUNYAKOTI.
I'D BETTER WALK FASTER. MY CHILD MUST BE WAITING FOR ME.


EH!
YES, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.


HULIA, PLEASE LISTEN...
NO! I WON'T!


I AM GOING TO KILL YOU AND EAT YOU UP.


KILL ME! EAT ME! BUT NOT IMMEDIATELY.


MY CHILD IS WAITING FOR ME. I'LL GO HOME, FEED HIM AND COME BACK TO YOU.
WHAT!

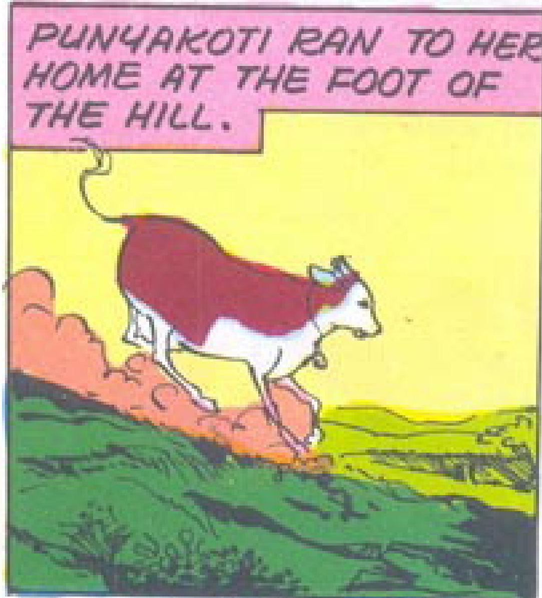

HOHOHO!


DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL?


AS IF YOU'LL COME BACK, IF I LET YOU GO!

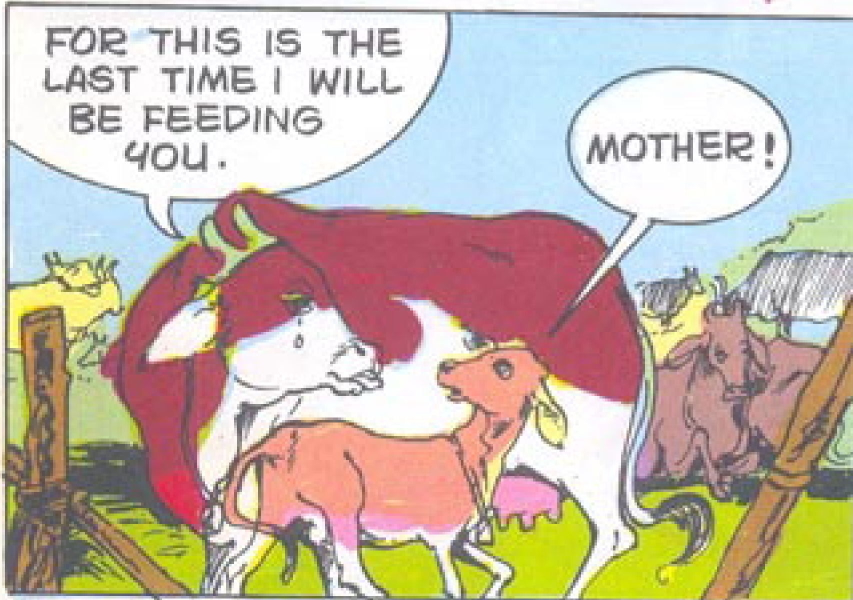

BELIEVE ME, HULIA. I WILL. I GIVE YOU MY WORD WITH MOTHER EARTH AS A WITNESS.


ALL RIGHT. YOU MAY GO. BUT COME BACK SOON.
I WILL, HULIA, I WILL.

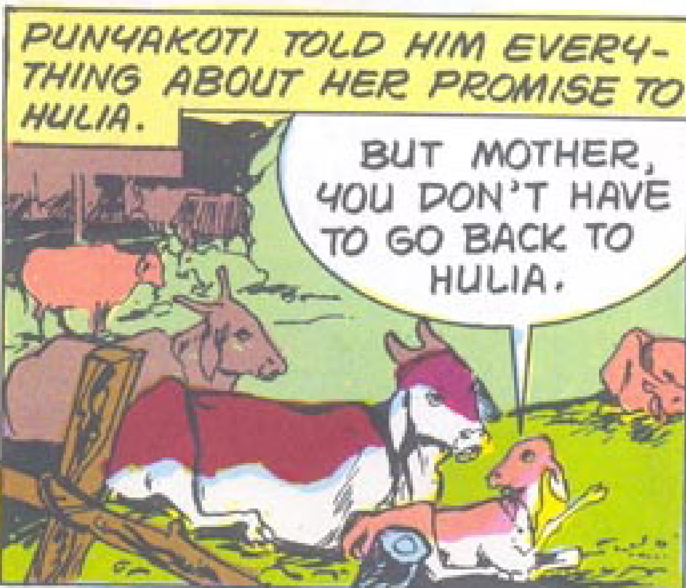

PUNYAKOTI RAN TO HER HOME AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.

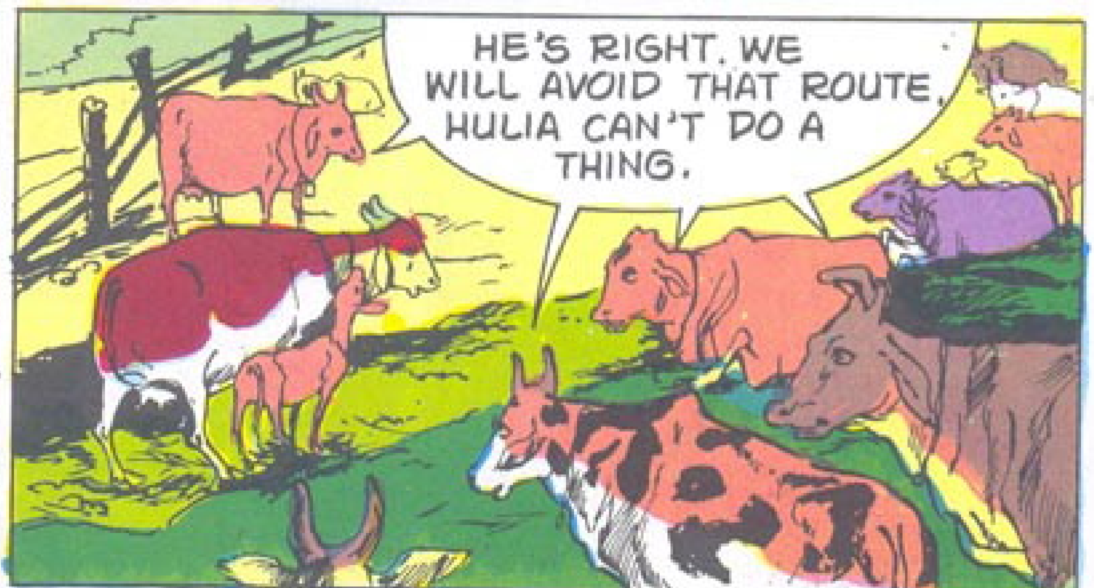

COME, MY CHILD!

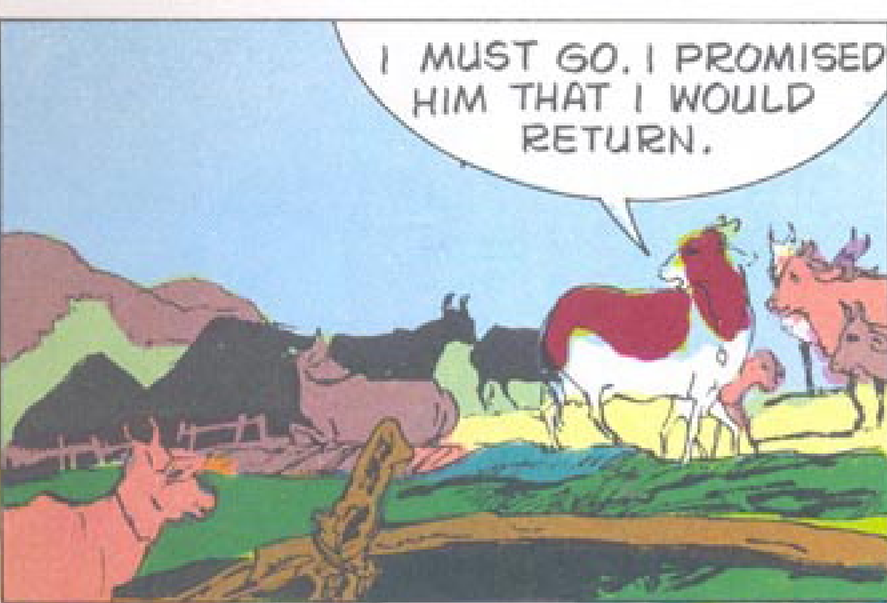

DRINK, MY CHILD. DRINK AS MUCH MILK AS YOU CAN.


FOR THIS IS THE LAST TIME I WILL BE FEEDING YOU.
MOTHER!


YES, MY SON. I HAVE TO GO BACK TO HULIA. HE WILL BE WAITING FOR ME.


PUNYAKOTI TOLD HIM EVERYTHING ABOUT HER PROMISE TO HULIA.
BUT MOTHER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO BACK TO HULIA.


HE'S RIGHT. WE WILL AVOID THAT ROUTE. HULIA CAN'T DO A THING.

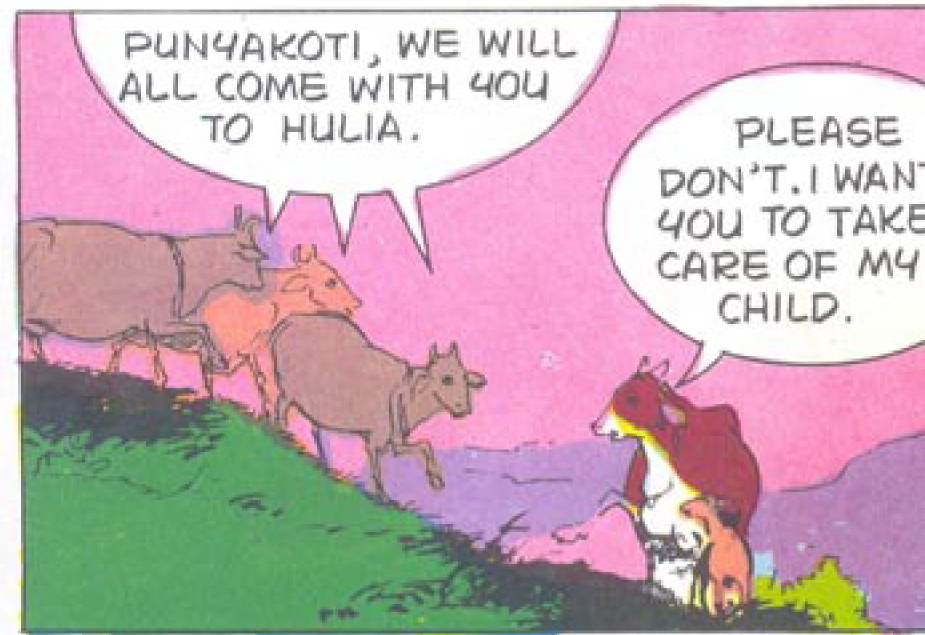

I MUST GO. I PROMISED HIM THAT I WOULD RETURN.


TRUTH IS MY MOTHER, TRUTH IS MY FATHER. TRUTH IS MY GOD. TRUTH IS EVERYTHING TO ME.


BUT MOTHER, WHO WILL FEED ME WHEN I'M HUNGRY? WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF ME?


MY SISTERS, TREAT THIS ORPHAN AS YOUR CHILD.


PLEASE DON'T GORE HIM WITH YOUR HORNS IF HE COMES IN YOUR WAY AND PLEASE DON'T KICK HIM IF HE IS AT YOUR BACK.
O PUNYAKOTI!


PUNYAKOTI, WE WILL ALL COME WITH YOU TO HULIA.
PLEASE DON'T. I WANT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF MY CHILD.


AS PUNYAKOTI LEFT—
MOTHER, DON'T GO! PLEASE DON'T GO. MOTHER...


MEANWHILE HULIA WAS GETTING IMPATIENT.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HER GO.


SHE'LL NEVER COME...NO, THERE SHE IS!

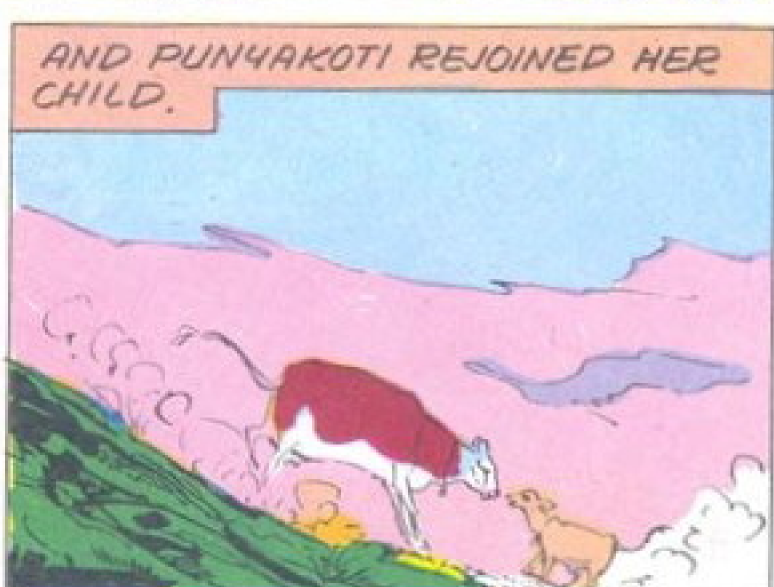

SHE HAS KEPT HER PROMISE...EVEN THOUGH DEATH AWAITS HER HERE. WHAT A NOBLE CREATURE!


HULIA, MY BROTHER, COME! HERE I AM. EAT ME.


EAT YOU?


NEVER, MY NOBLE SISTER. NEVER.


GO BACK TO YOUR CHILD.
HULIA!
HULIA TURNED BACK AND LEFT.


AND PUNYAKOTI REJOINED HER CHILD.

HOW AN ELEPHANT WAS WEIGHED

Script : Shruti Desai
Illustrations : Chandrakant Rane

ONE DAY A KING SENT FOR HIS MAHOUT.

I WANT TO KNOW HOW MUCH MY ELEPHANT WEIGHS, AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME THE ANSWER BY TOMORROW MORNING...

... I'LL HAVE YOU BEHEADED.

I'M DONE FOR! HOW CAN ANYONE WEIGH AN ELEPHANT? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

IN THOSE DAYS THEY DID NOT HAVE SCALES THAT COULD WEIGH ELEPHANTS.

AS THE MAHOUT WAS WANDERING AROUND IN DESPAIR, HE MET A SADHU.

WHY DO YOU LOOK SO GLUM, MY FRIEND?

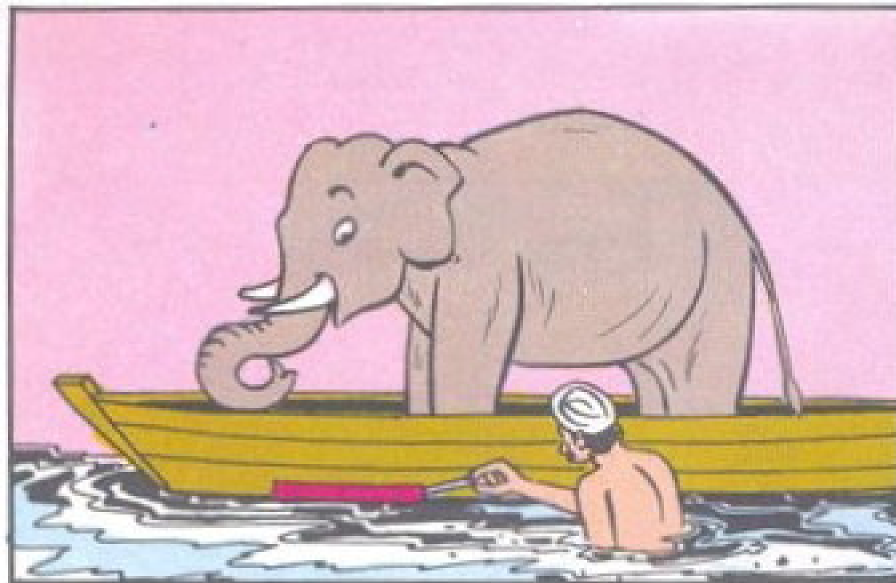
I'M IN REAL TROUBLE, SIR. THE KING HAS ASKED ME TO WEIGH HIS ELEPHANT.

IS THAT ALL? CHEER UP. GO AND BRING THE ANIMAL, ALONG WITH ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS TO THE RIVER. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU THERE.

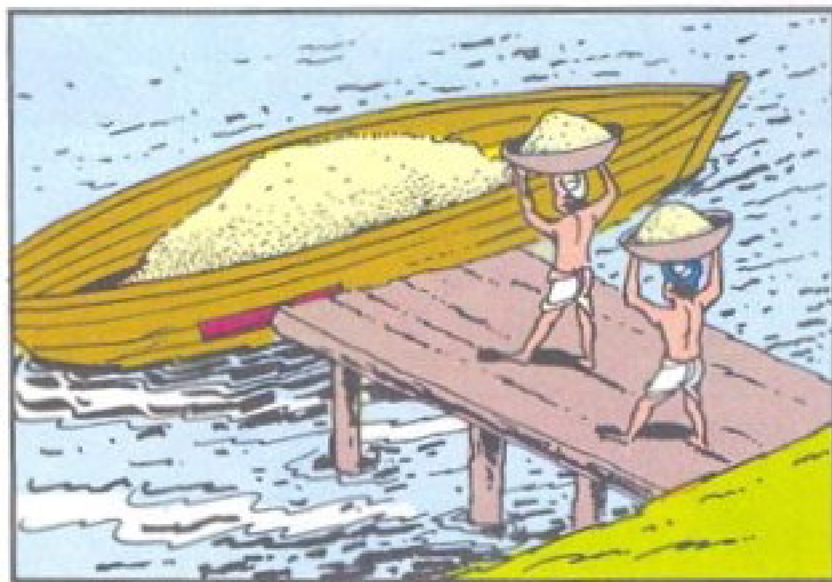
THE MAHOUT DID AS HE WAS TOLD.

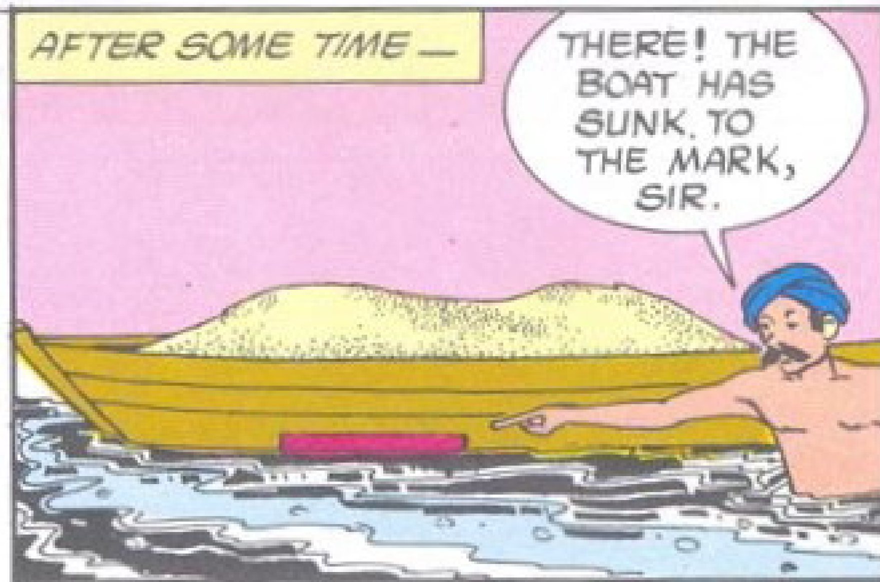
NOW GET HIM INTO THAT BOAT.

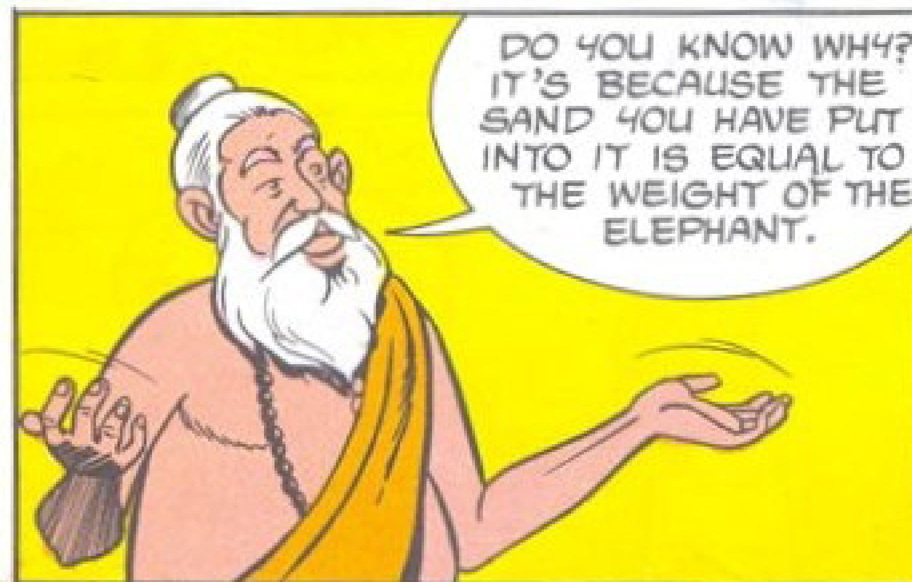
THAT'S IT. NOW MARK THE LEVEL TO WHICH THE BOAT HAS SUNK.




NOW BRING THE ELEPHANT OUT AND FILL THE BOAT WITH SAND TILL IT SINKS TO THE MARK YOU HAVE MADE.

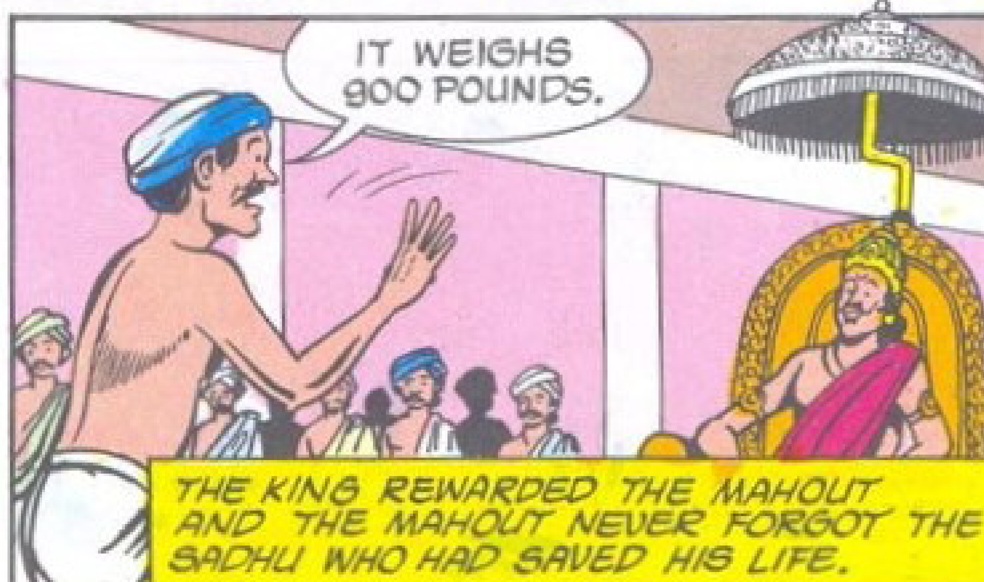



AFTER SOME TIME —
THERE! THE BOAT HAS SUNK. TO THE MARK, SIR.


DO YOU KNOW WHY? IT'S BECAUSE THE SAND YOU HAVE PUT INTO IT IS EQUAL TO THE WEIGHT OF THE ELEPHANT.


NOW WEIGH THAT SAND ON A PAIR OF SCALES AND...
I'LL KNOW THE WEIGHT OF THE ELEPHANT!


THE NEXT DAY —
DID YOU FIND OUT HOW MUCH MY ELEPHANT WEIGHS?
YES, YOUR MAJESTY.


IT WEIGHS 900 POUNDS.
THE KING REWARDED THE MAHOUT AND THE MAHOUT NEVER FORGOT THE SADHU WHO HAD SAVED HIS LIFE.

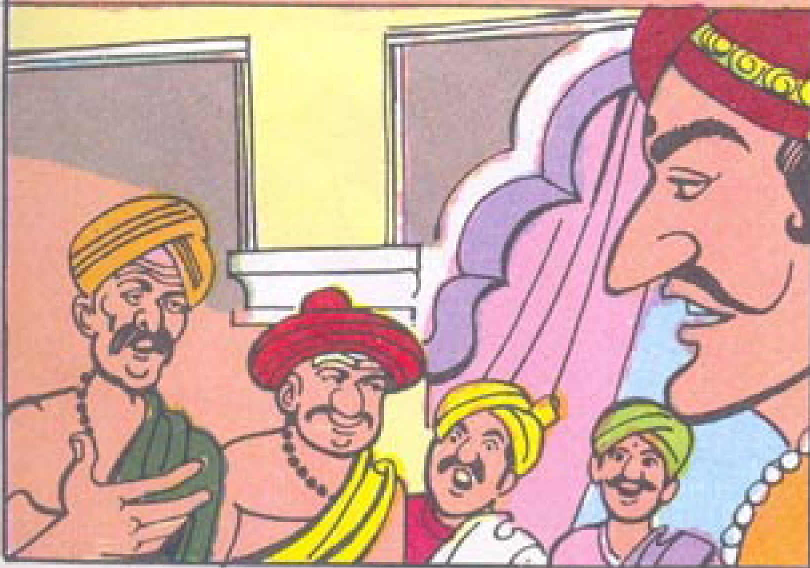
THE TWO PANDITS

ADAPTED FROM THE FOLKTALE
AS TOLD BY THE LATE SAGUNA MANJESHWAR
ILLUSTRATIONS : M. MOHANDAS

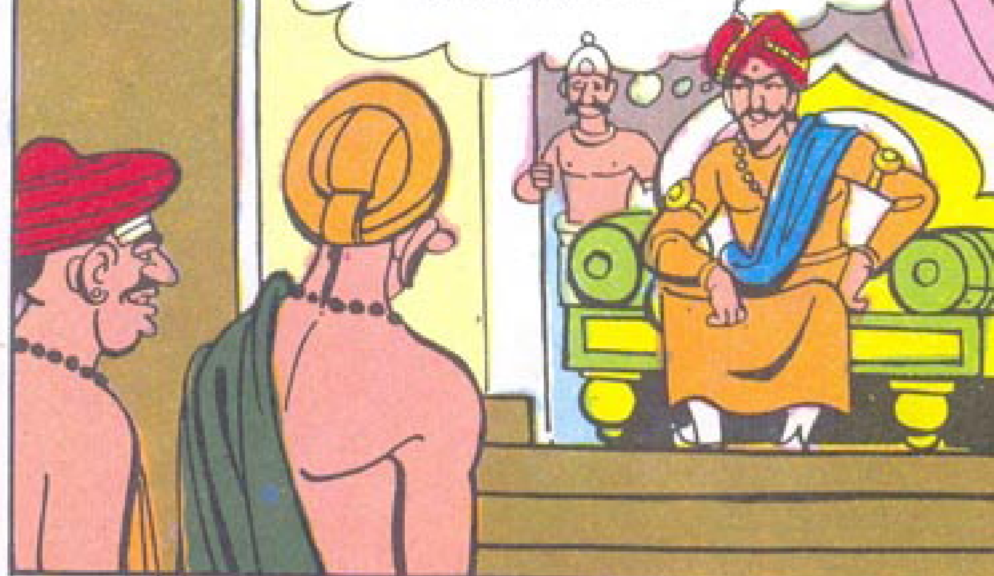


A KING INVITED TWO SCHOLARS TO HIS PALACE. ONE OF THEM WAS CALLED PANDIT GYANRAJ AND THE OTHER WAS CALLED PANDIT VIDYARAJ.

THEY WERE LEARNED MEN, AND THEY HAD SOMETHING NEW TO TELL THE KING AND HIS COURTIERS EVERY DAY.



ONE DAY—



THE KING INVITED SEVERAL HUNDRED PEOPLE TO HIS PALACE.





THE KING SUDDENLY FOUND THAT HE DID NOT KNOW MUCH ABOUT EITHER MAN.



PANDIT VIDYARAJ, PLEASE TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.

WELL... I... ER...

I MUST BE CAREFUL. IF I PRAISE GYANRAJ THE KING MIGHT GIVE HIM A BETTER REWARD THAN THE ONE HE GIVES ME.

YOUR MAJESTY, I DO NOT LIKE TO SAY IT, BUT PANDIT GYANRAJ IS AN...

...AN ASS! HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING. HE JUST REPEATS WHAT HE HEARS FROM ME.

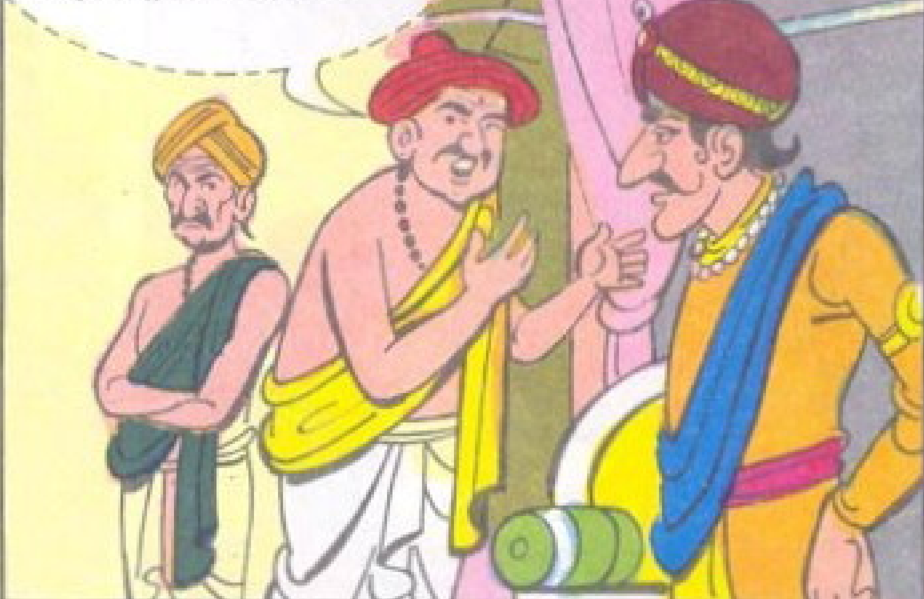
THAT'S A LIE! I HAVE HEARD PANDIT GYANRAJ SPEAK AND I KNOW HE IS LEARNED.

ANYWAY, LET'S SEE WHAT GYANRAJ HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS FRIEND.

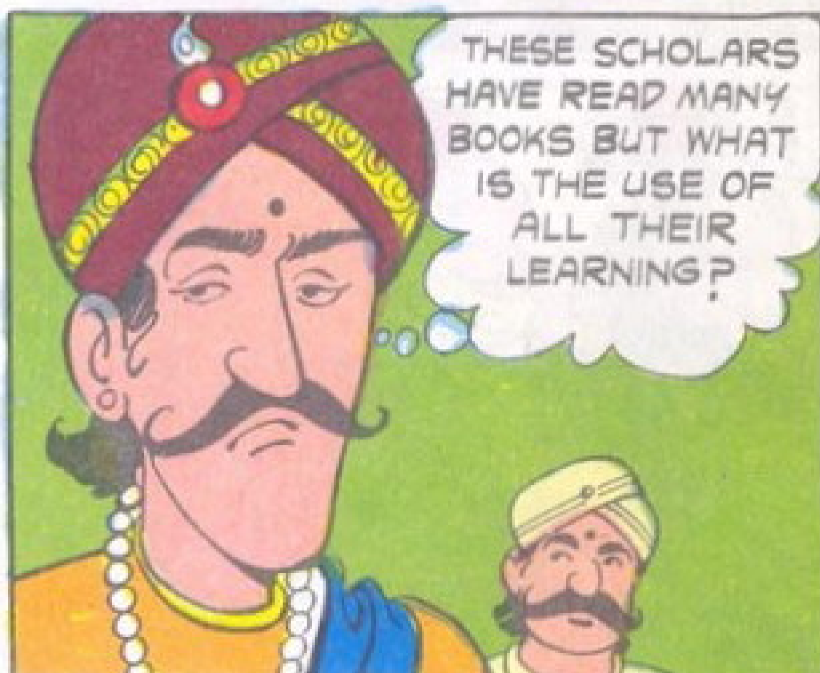
PANDIT GYANRAJ, PLEASE TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.

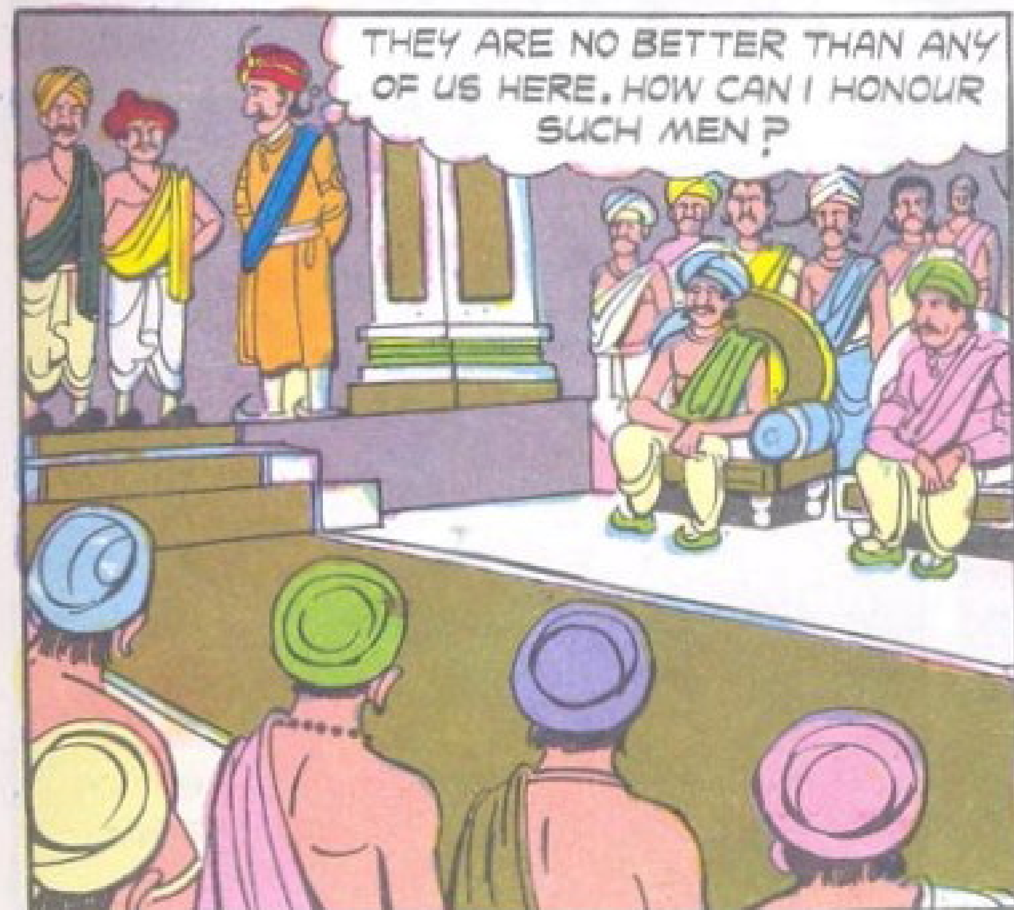
HE IS... ER...

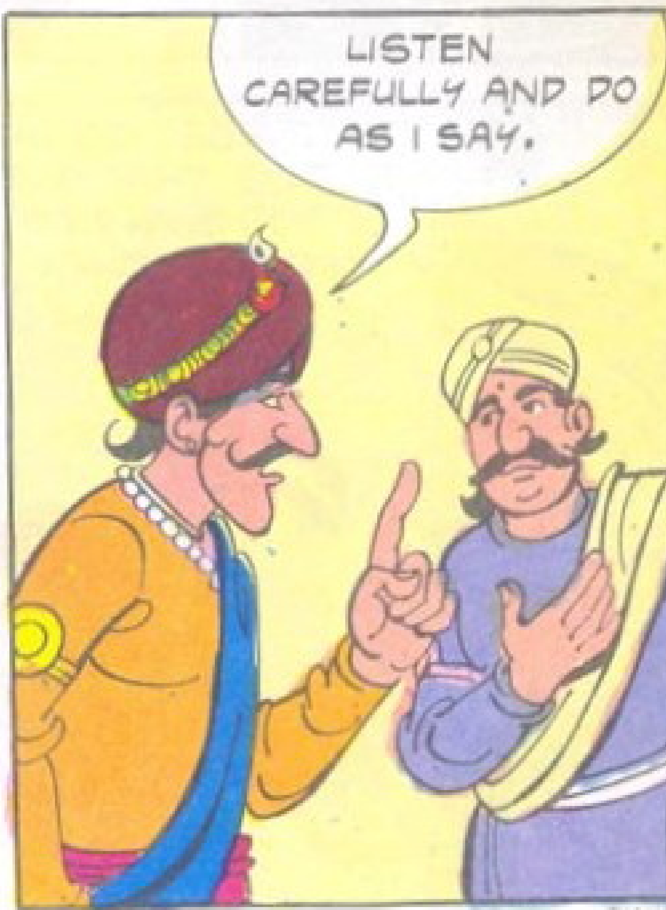

I MUST BE CAREFUL. IF I PRAISE VIDYARAJ, THE KING MIGHT GIVE HIM A BETTER REWARD THAN THE ONE HE GIVES ME.

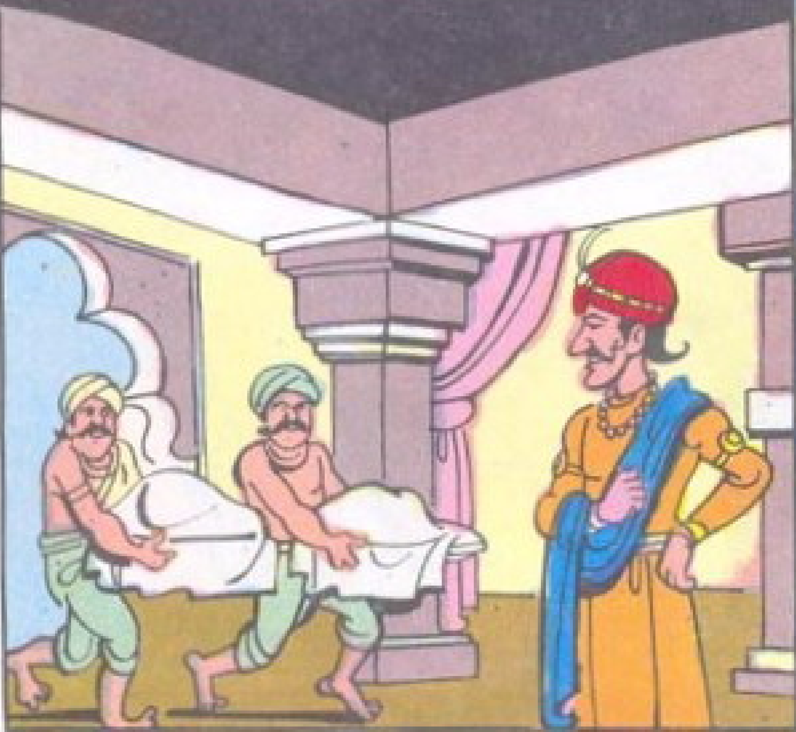

YOUR MAJESTY, SINCE YOU ASK ME, I MUST TELL YOU THAT PANDIT VIDYARAJ IS A...


...A DONKEY! HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING. HE JUST REPEATS WHAT HE HEARS FROM ME.


THESE SCHOLARS HAVE READ MANY BOOKS BUT WHAT IS THE USE OF ALL THEIR LEARNING?


THEY ARE NO BETTER THAN ANY OF US HERE. HOW CAN I HONOUR SUCH MEN?

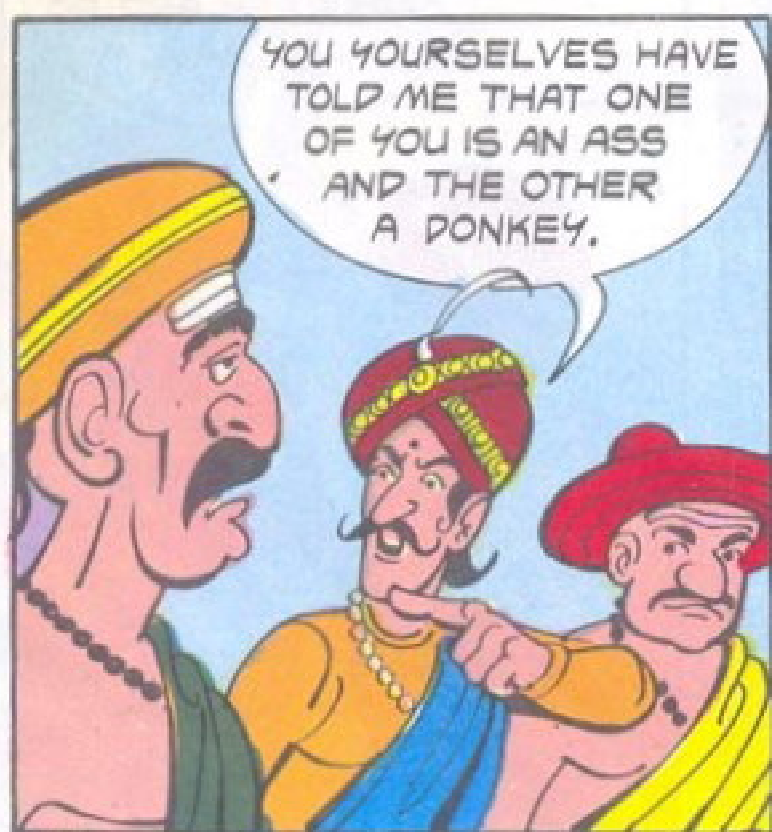

LISTEN CAREFULLY AND DO AS I SAY.

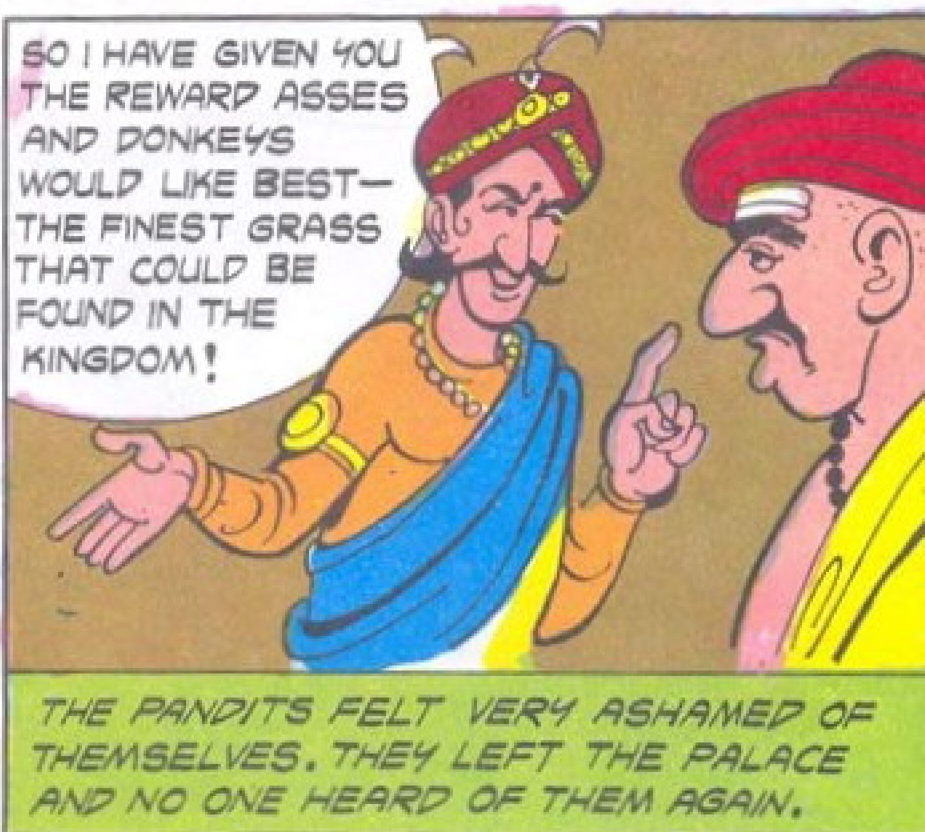

SOMETIME LATER TWO SERVANTS CAME IN CARRYING GIFTS.


THEY PLACED ONE PLATE BEFORE EACH PANDIT.


?
?


WHAT IS THIS, YOUR MAJESTY?
FRESH, GREEN GRASS!


YOU YOURSELVES HAVE TOLD ME THAT ONE OF YOU IS AN ASS AND THE OTHER A DONKEY.


SO I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE REWARD ASSES AND DONKEYS WOULD LIKE BEST— THE FINEST GRASS THAT COULD BE FOUND IN THE KINGDOM!
THE PANDITS FELT VERY ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES. THEY LEFT THE PALACE AND NO ONE HEARD OF THEM AGAIN.

READERS' CHOICE

DODDA'S DUBUKA

BASED ON A FOLK TALE SUGGESTED BY OUR READER, RATHNAKAR KAMATH, BANGALORE
ILLUSTRATIONS: VASANT HALBE

YOU TOO CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THIS FEATURE AND EARN Rs. 25. IF YOU HAVE HEARD A GOOD FOLKTALE—NOT ONE YOU HAVE READ IN BOOKS OR MAGAZINES—WRITE IT DOWN AND SEND IT TO THE READERS' CHOICE SECTION, TINKLE.

DODDA WAS INVITED TO HIS FRIEND'S HOUSE FOR TEA.
THIS IS DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!
PLEASE HAVE SOME MORE.
I'LL ASK MY MOTHER TO MAKE SOME AT HOME. WHAT IS IT CALLED?
KADUBU.
KADUBU... KADUBU... I MUSTN'T FORGET. KADUBU... KADUBU...
I'LL HAVE TO BE GOING NOW... KADUBU... KADUBU...
WELL DODDA, THANK YOU FOR COMING.
KADUBU... KADUBU...
KA-A-AAH!
OWW...OWW... OWW!
NOW WHAT WAS THAT SWEET CALLED?
DUBUKA!


DUBUKA...
DUBUKA...


DUBUKA... MOTHER! DUBUKA! I WANT DUBUKA!


WHAT'S THAT?
DUBUKA!


ENOUGH OF YOUR JOKES! WHAT IS IT?
DUBUKA IS DUBUKA! AND I WANT SOME NOW!


WELL THEN TAKE THIS DUBUKA AND MORE DUBUKAS!


SILLY BOY! WHY DID YOU MAKE ME BEAT YOU? NOW YOUR POOR FACE LOOKS...


...LIKE A KADUBU.
KADUBU! THAT'S IT!

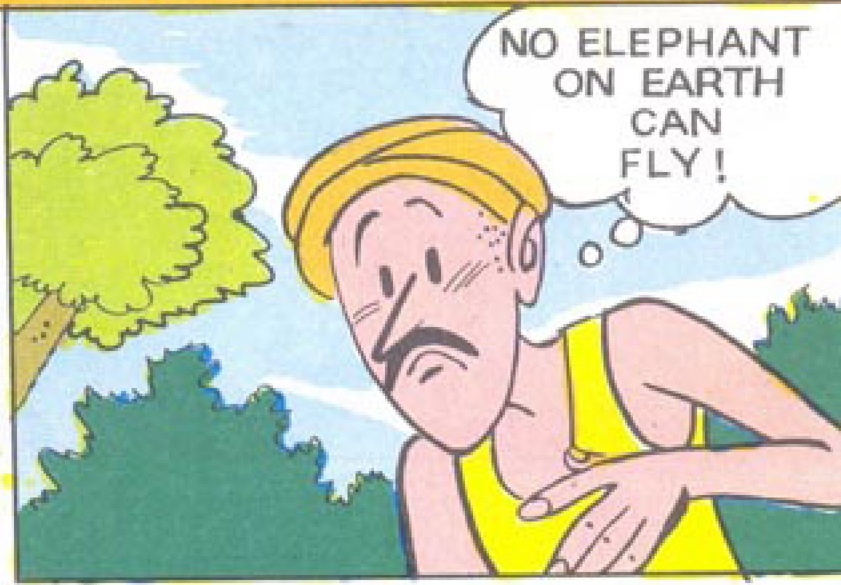

THAT'S WHAT I WANT! KADUBU!
THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? I'LL MAKE SOME FOR YOU RIGHT AWAY.
Halbe


SHE MADE PLENTY OF THEM AND FOR THREE DAYS, SILLY DODDA ATE NOTHING BUT KADUBUS—MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

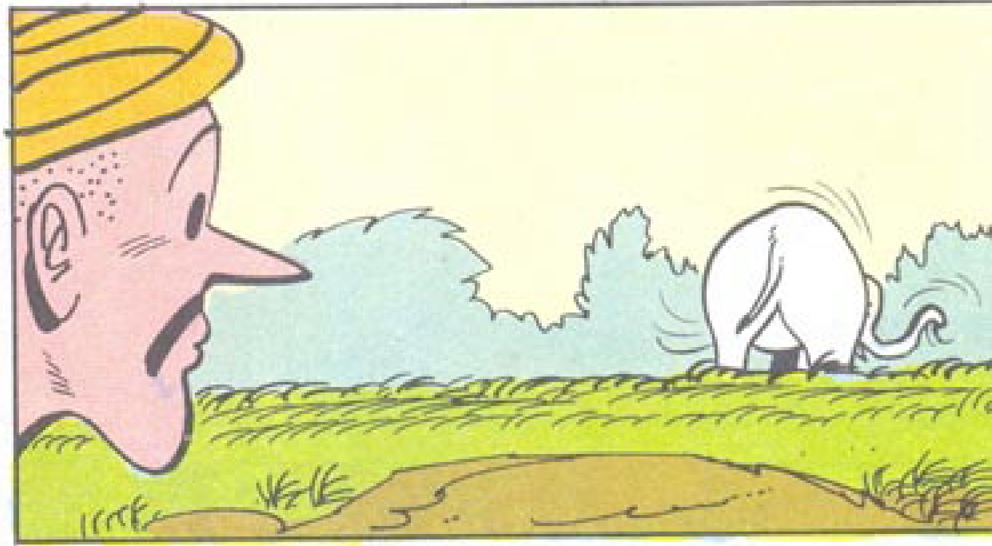
THE HEAVENLY ELEPHANT

Script : Luis Fernandes
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar



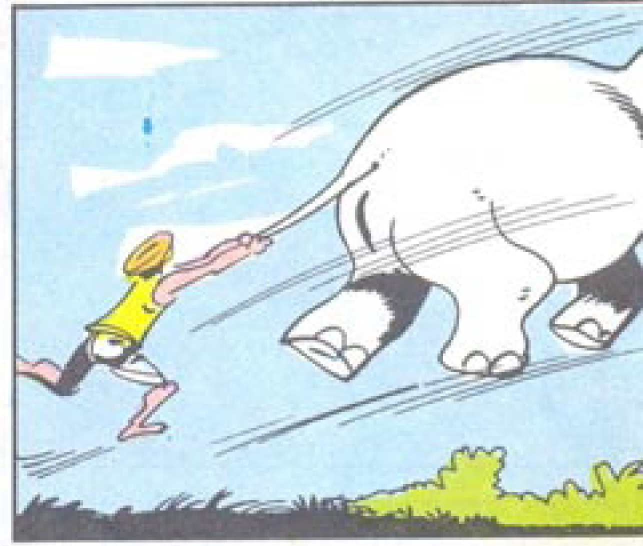










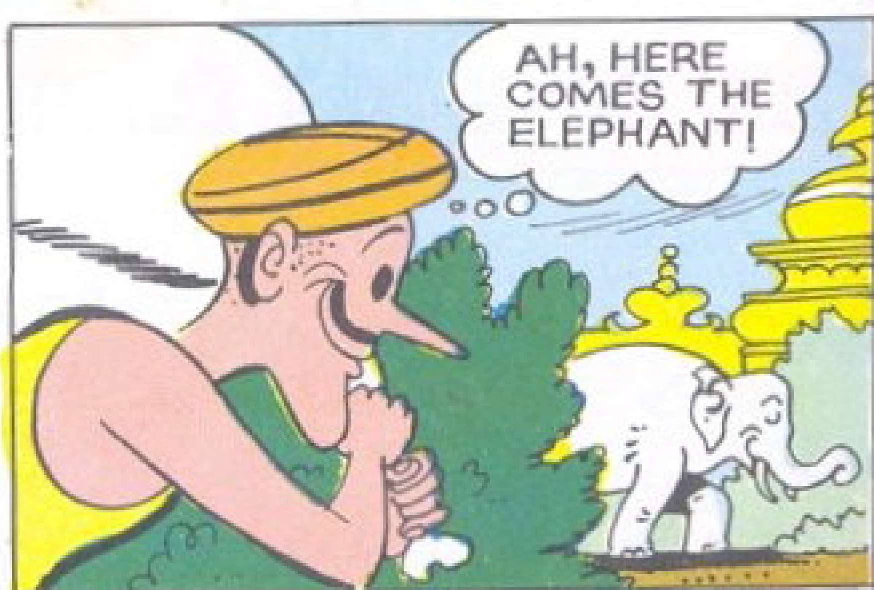






THE MAN WORKED IN HEAVEN THE REST OF THE DAY AND SPENT THE NIGHT THERE. NEXT MORNING—



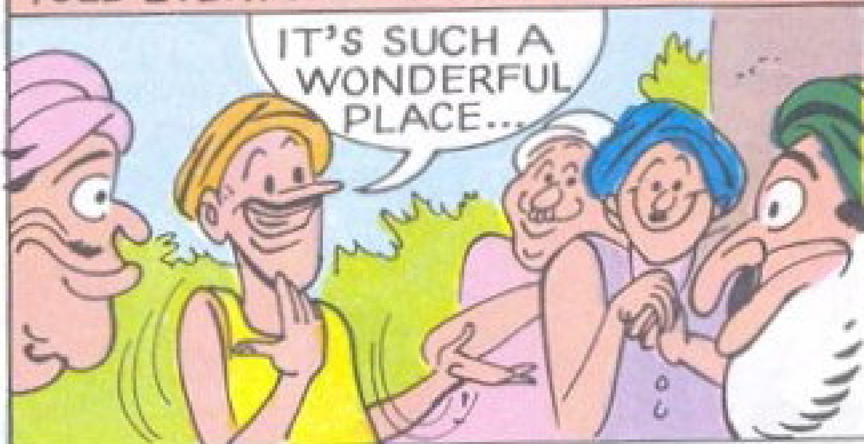








WHEN THE MAN RETURNED HOME HE TOLD EVERYONE WHERE HE HAD BEEN.

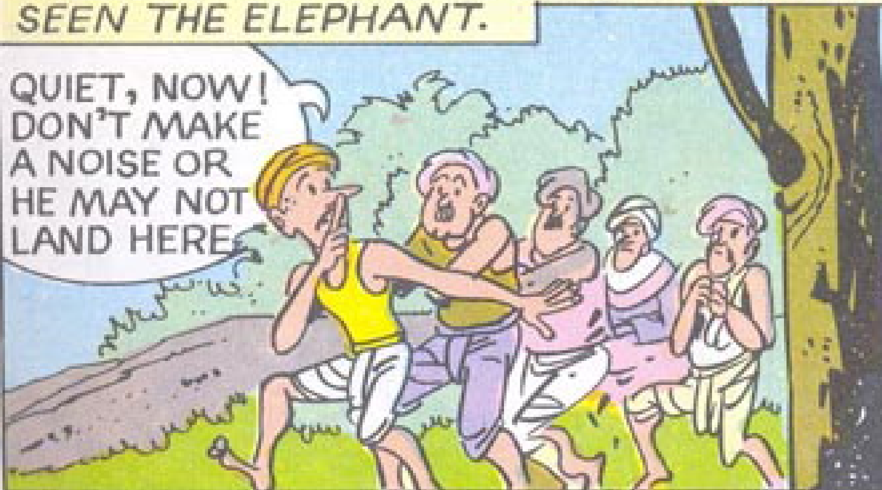




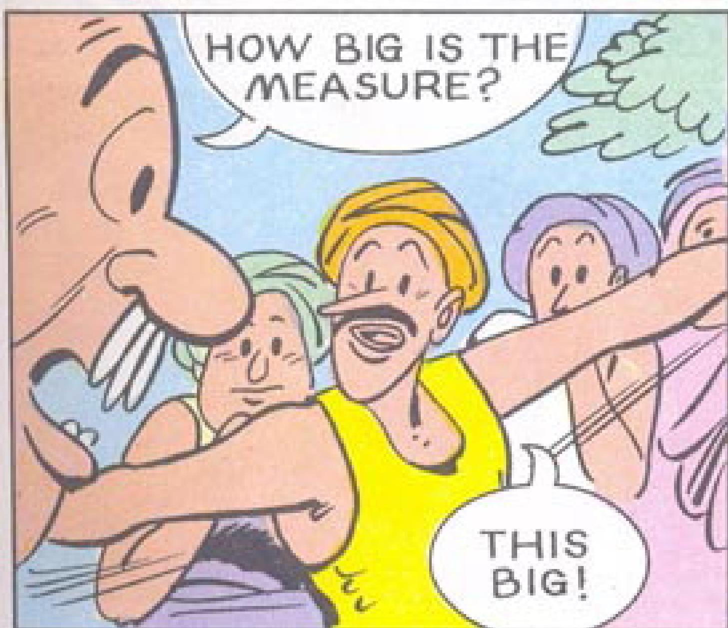




AFTER HEARING HIS TALE ALL THE VILLAGERS WANTED TO GO TO HEAVEN TOO.

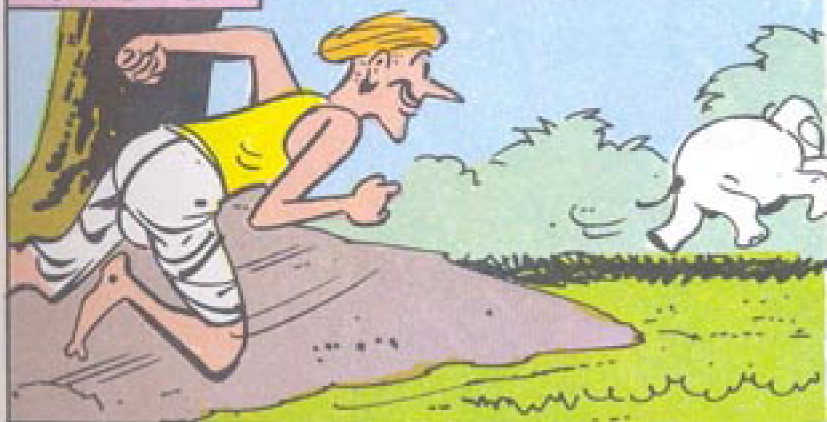

SO THE NEXT MORNING THE MAN TOOK THEM TO THE FIELD WHERE HE HAD SEEN THE ELEPHANT.
QUIET, NOW! DON'T MAKE A NOISE OR HE MAY NOT LAND HERE.


HOW MUCH DID YOU SAY THEY PAY FOR ONE HOUR'S WORK UP THERE?
ONE MEASURE OF RICE.

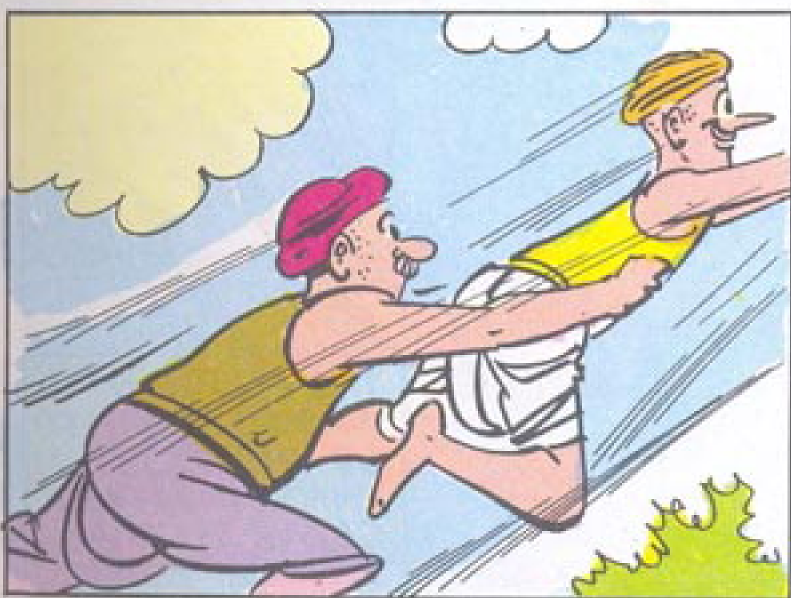

HOW BIG IS THE MEASURE?
THIS BIG!

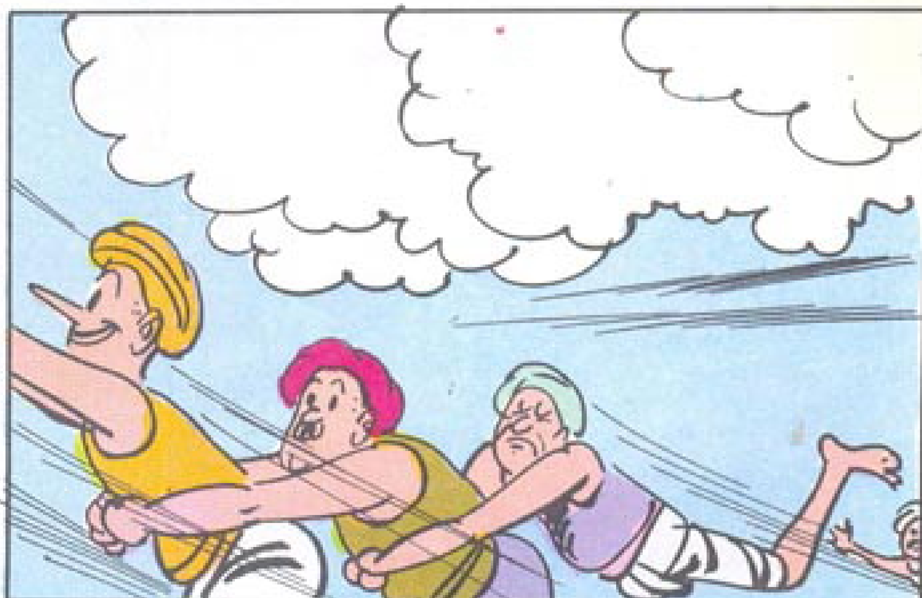

QUIET! HERE HE COMES!

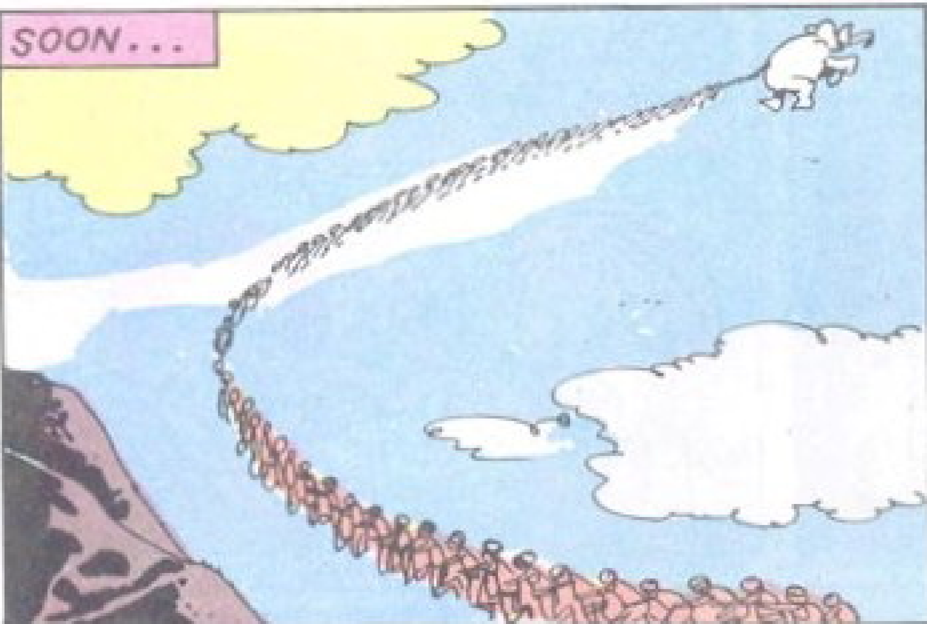

AS THE VILLAGERS WATCHED WITH BATED BREATH THE ELEPHANT LANDED...


...AND ATE. THEN AS IT WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE—

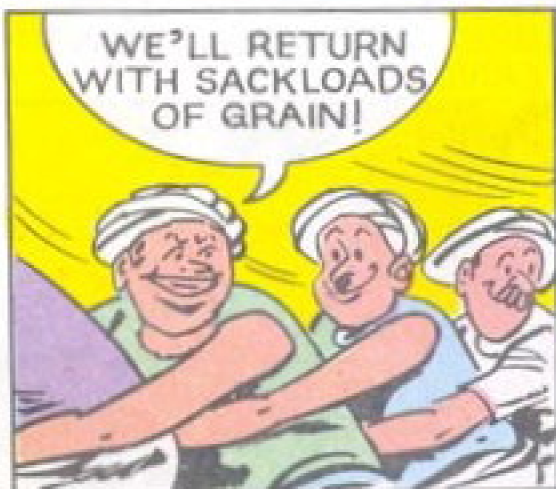




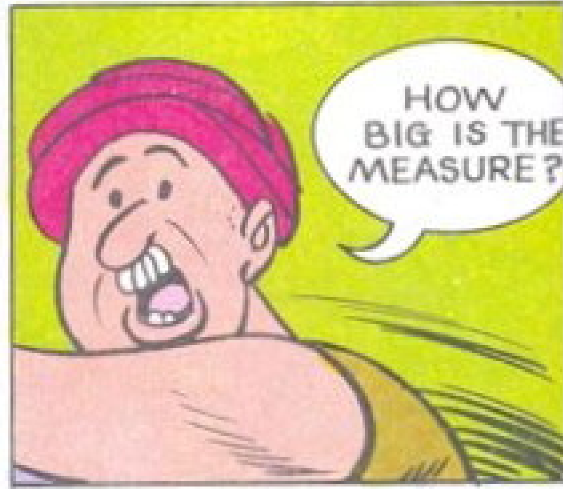



SOON...


...ALL THE VILLAGERS WERE FLYING UPWARD TOWARDS HEAVEN.
WE'LL STAY UP THERE AS LONG AS WE CAN!


WE'LL RETURN WITH SACKLOADS OF GRAIN!


HOW MUCH DID YOU SAY THEY PAY FOR ONE HOUR'S WORK?
ONE MEASURE OF RICE!


HOW BIG IS THE MEASURE?


THIS BIG!


THE NEXT MOMENT ALL OF THEM PLUNGED INTO A RIVER.
SPLASH
THE ELEPHANT WAS SO STARTLED BY THE NOISE THAT HE NEVER CAME TO THAT VILLAGE AGAIN.

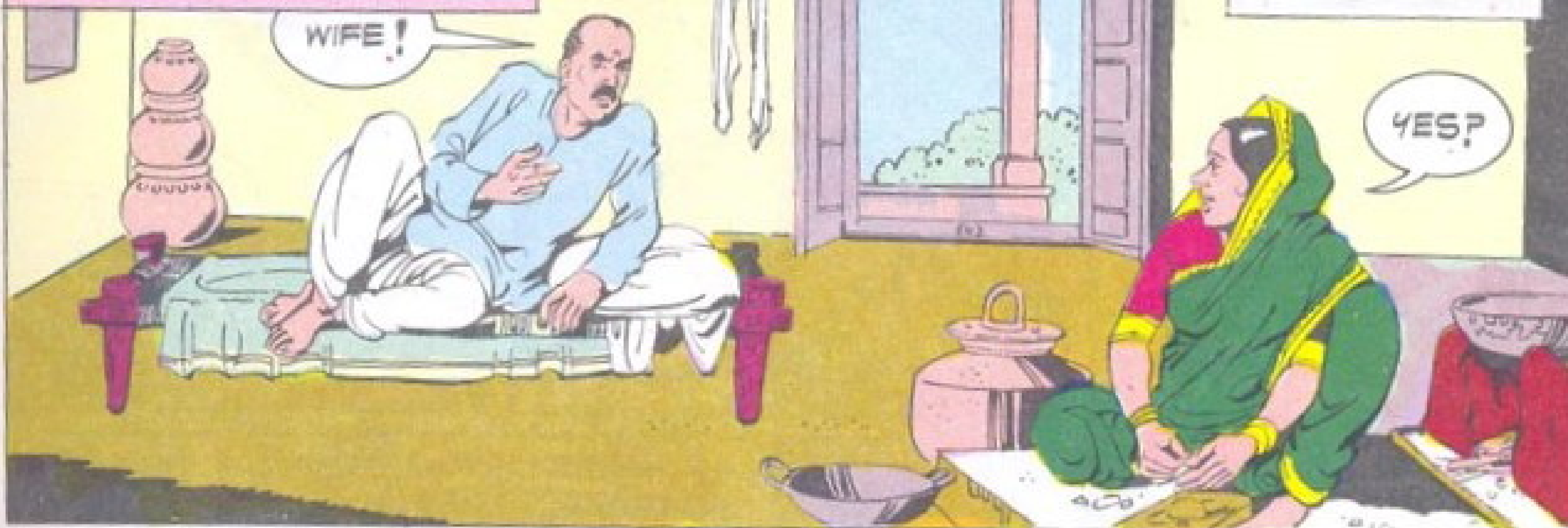
Readers' Choice

THE MAN WHO LOVED VADAS

Illustrations: M.N. Nangre

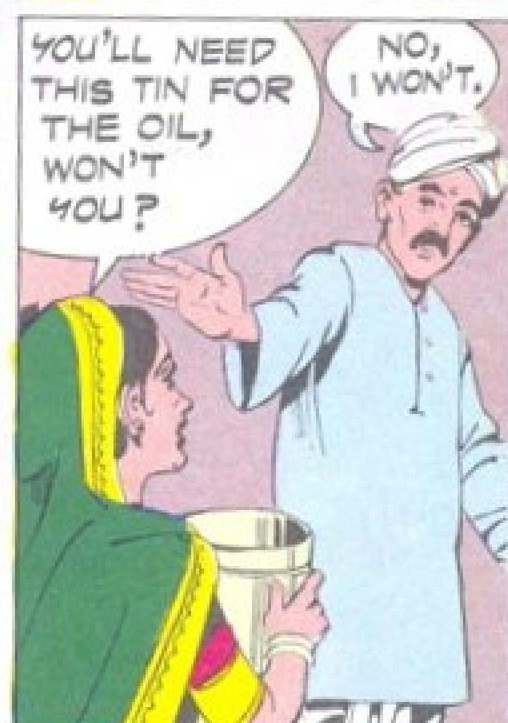
Based on a story sent by Srinivas Srivatsa, Bombay.

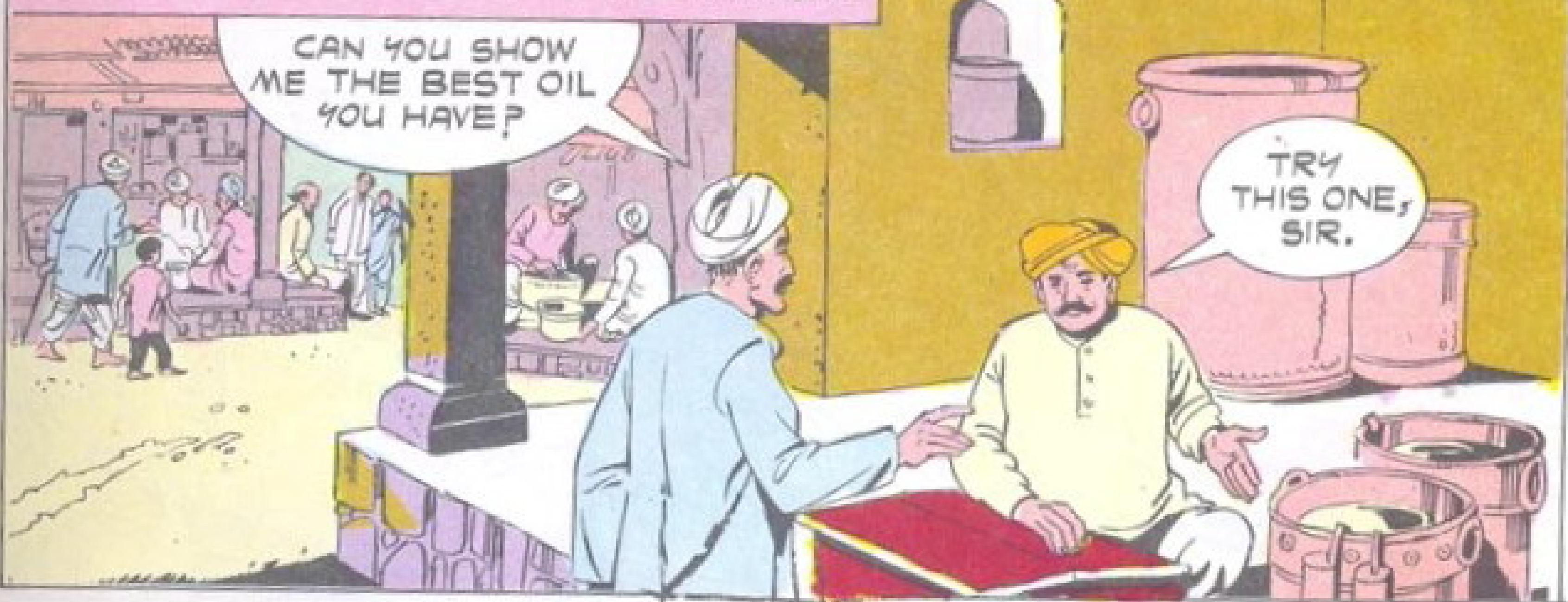













IT'S THE BEST IN THE MARKET.


LET ME SMELL IT AND SEE.


KHANDOBA BENT FORWARD, AS IF TO SMELL THE OIL.

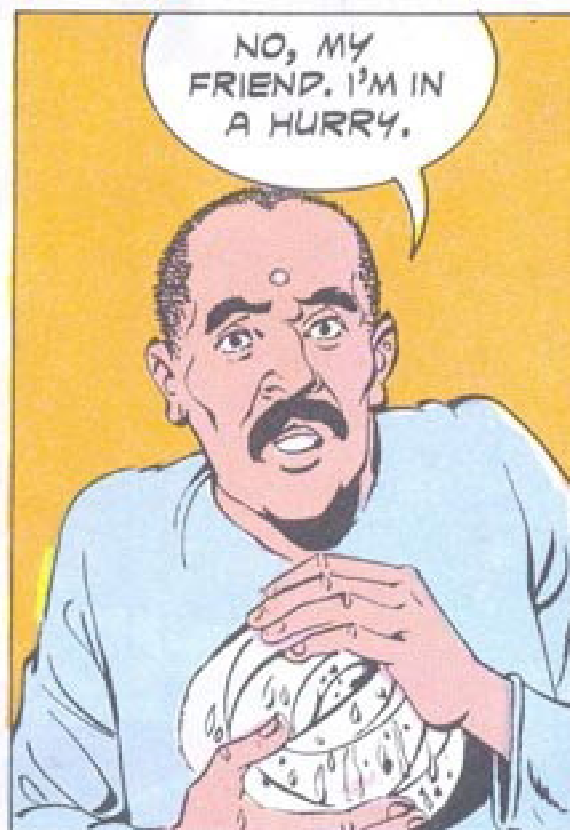

THE NEXT MOMENT —
OH, DEAR! MY TURBAN!


OH, NO!


AS KHANDOBA PICKED UP THE OIL-SOAKED TURBAN —


I'M EXTREMELY SORRY, SIR. YOUR TURBAN...
NEVER MIND.


GIVE IT TO ME. I'LL HAVE IT WASHED AND...


NO, MY FRIEND. I'M IN A HURRY.


I MUST LEAVE RIGHT AWAY. I'LL COME BACK LATER FOR THE OIL.

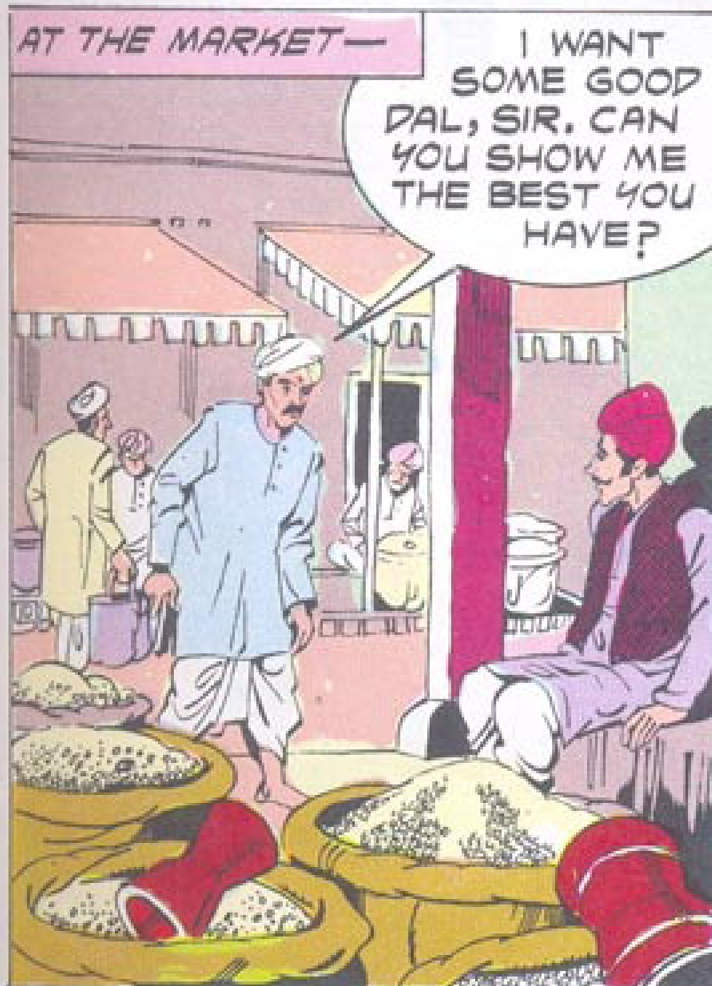

BACK AT HOME, KHANDOBA SQUEEZED THE OIL INTO A VESSEL.
THE VESSEL IS FULL.


BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU BROUGHT THE OIL IN YOUR TURBAN.

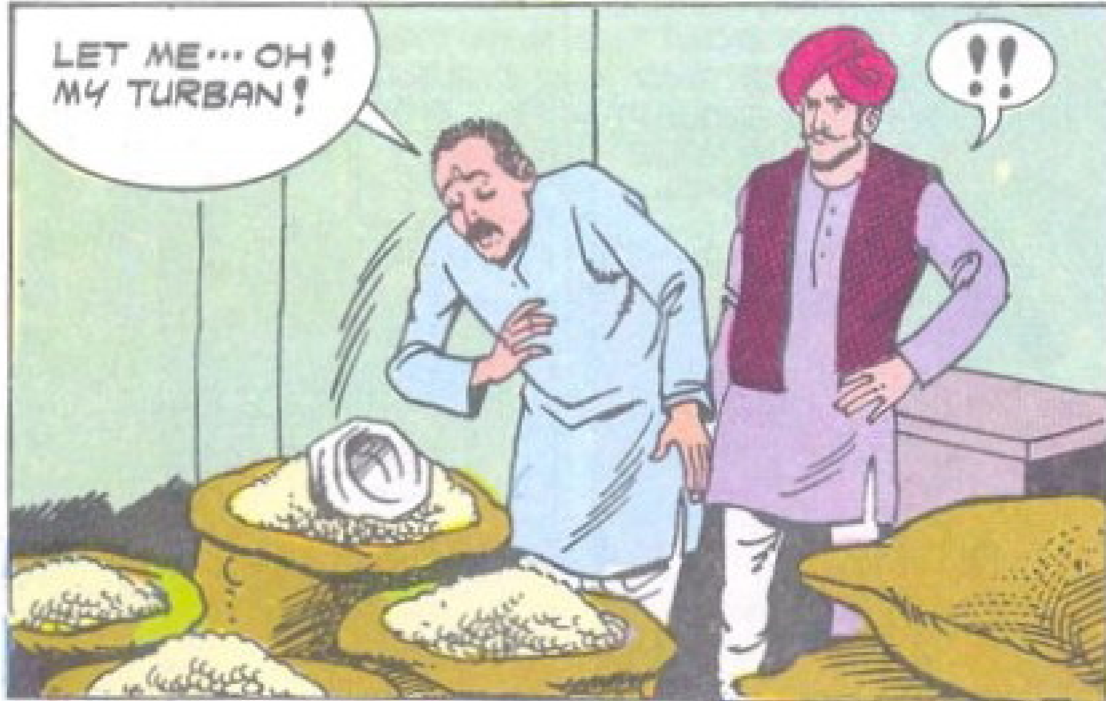

NOW TAKE THIS BAG.
WHAT FOR?


TO GET THE DAL.
I DON'T NEED YOUR BAG.


I HAVE MY TURBAN.
?


AT THE MARKET—
I WANT SOME GOOD DAL, SIR. CAN YOU SHOW ME THE BEST YOU HAVE?


HERE. HAVE A LOOK AT THE DAL IN THESE BAGS, SIR.


LET ME... OH! MY TURBAN!
!!

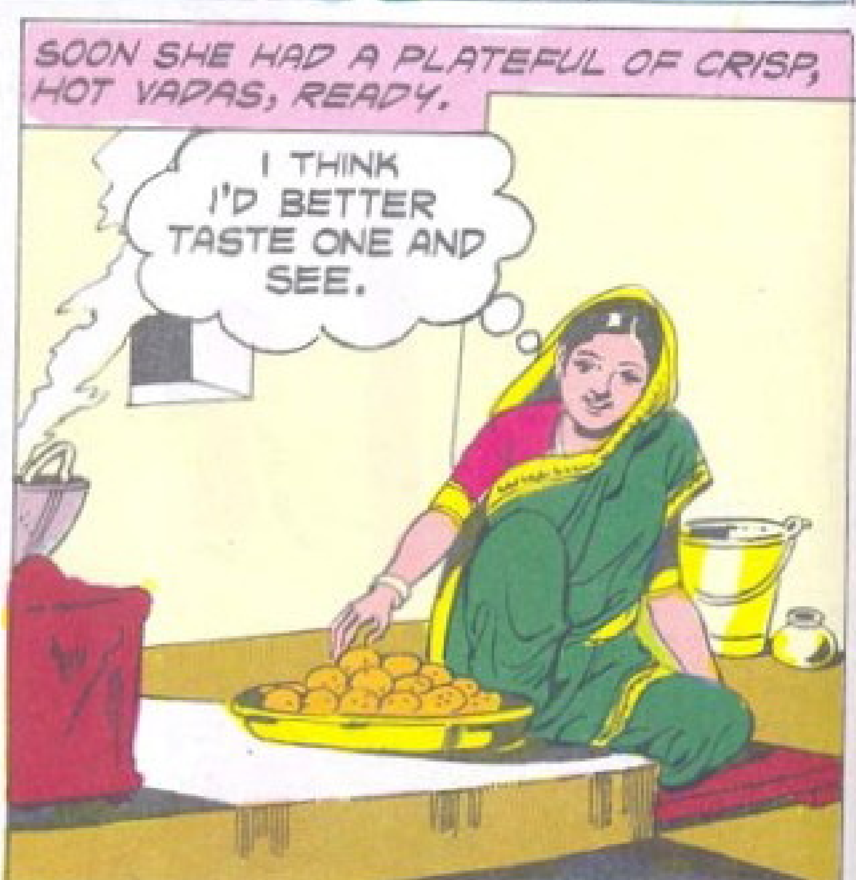

I'LL SEE YOU LATER.


AND KHANDOBA RETURNED HOME.
HERE YOU ARE! ALL THE DAL YOU NEED.


WHY COULDN'T YOU USE A BAG AS EVERYONE ELSE DOES?
I HAVE MY REASONS.


NOW I AM GOING OUT. I WANT THE VADAS TO BE READY BY THE TIME I RETURN.


KHANDOBA'S WIFE GROUND THE DAL, PATTED THE PASTE INTO VADAS AND BEGAN TO FRY THEM.

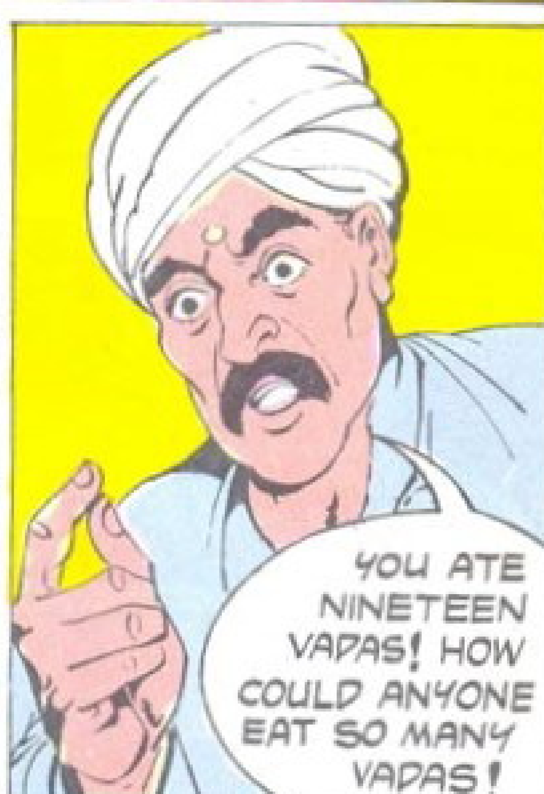

SOON SHE HAD A PLATEFUL OF CRISP, HOT VADAS, READY.
I THINK I'D BETTER TASTE ONE AND SEE.

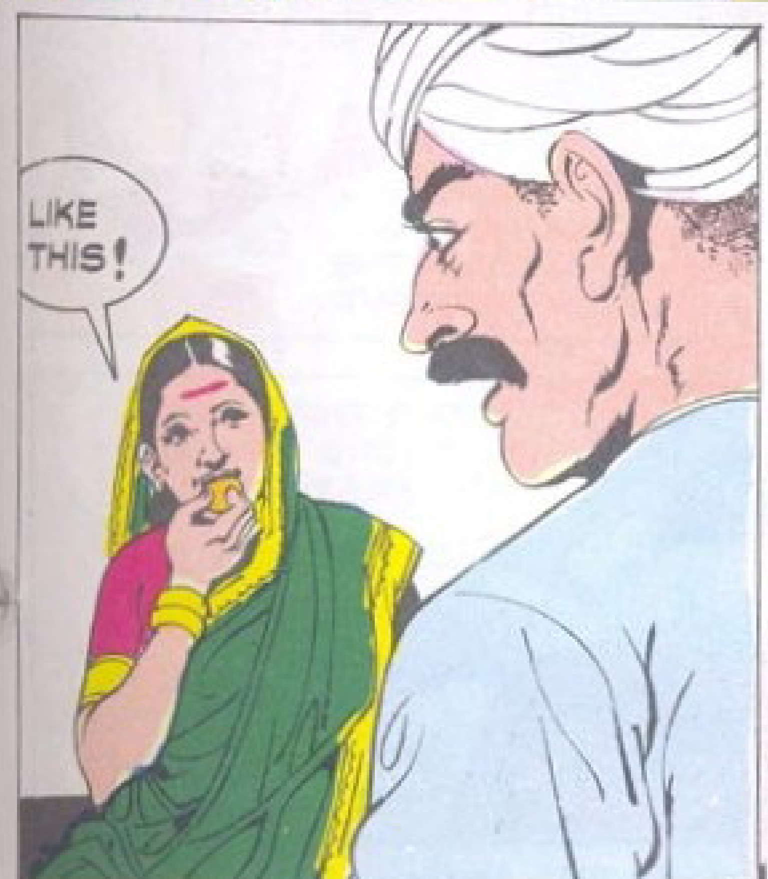

M-M-M-M...!
DELICIOUS!

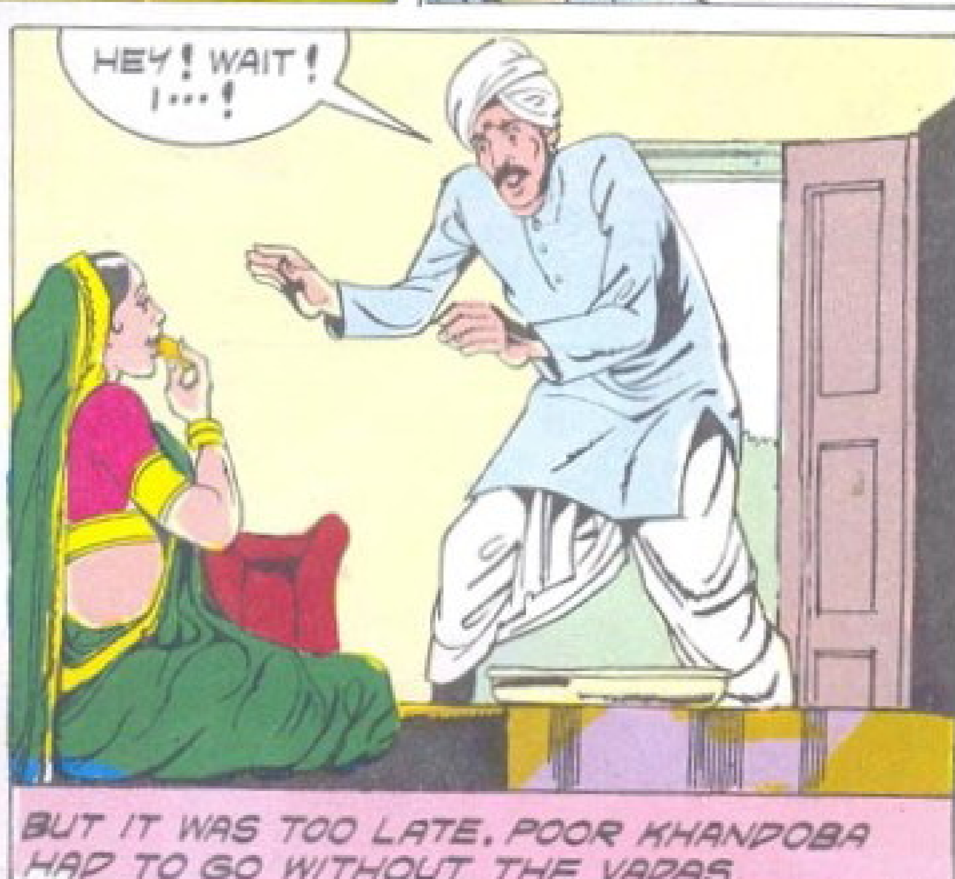

I'LL HAVE JUST ONE MORE, WHILE IT'S HOT.


SOMETIME LATER KHANDOBA RETURNED—
ARE THE VADAS READY?
YE..S. TWENTY OF THEM.


BUT THEY WERE SO TASTY I ATE ALL OF THEM... EXCEPT THIS ONE.


YOU ATE NINETEEN VADAS! HOW COULD ANYONE EAT SO MANY VADAS!


LIKE THIS!


HEY! WAIT! I...!
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. POOR KHANDOBA HAD TO GO WITHOUT THE VADAS.

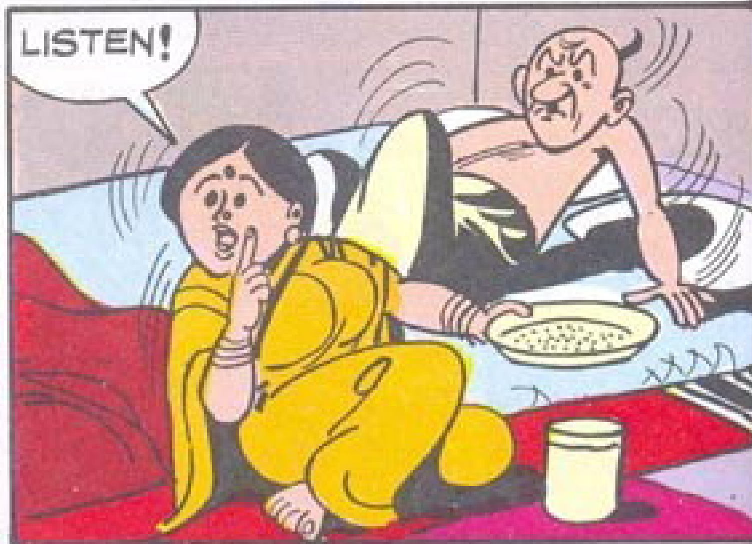
RAMA TO THE RESCUE
—a folktale from Tamil Nadu

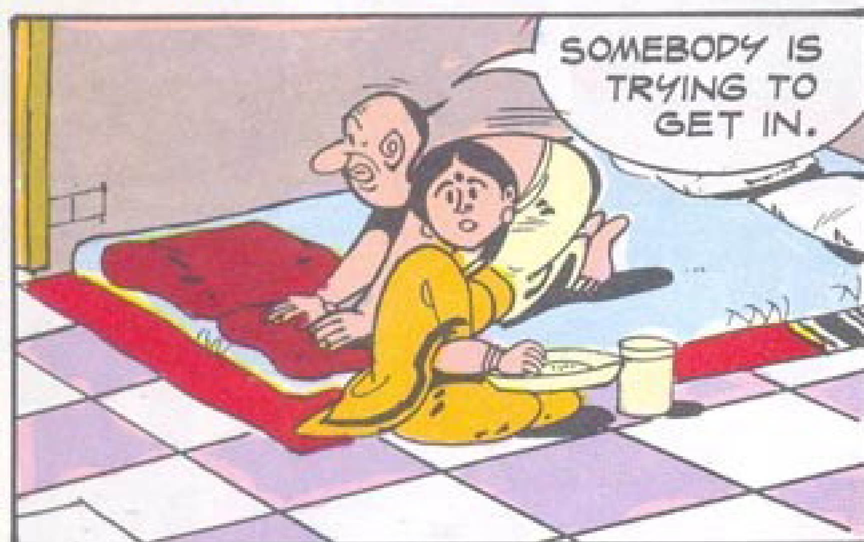
Script : Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

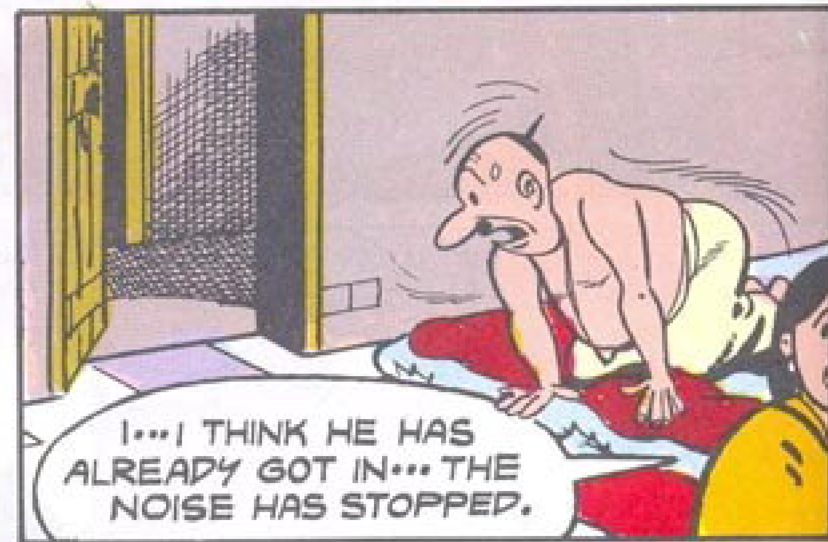


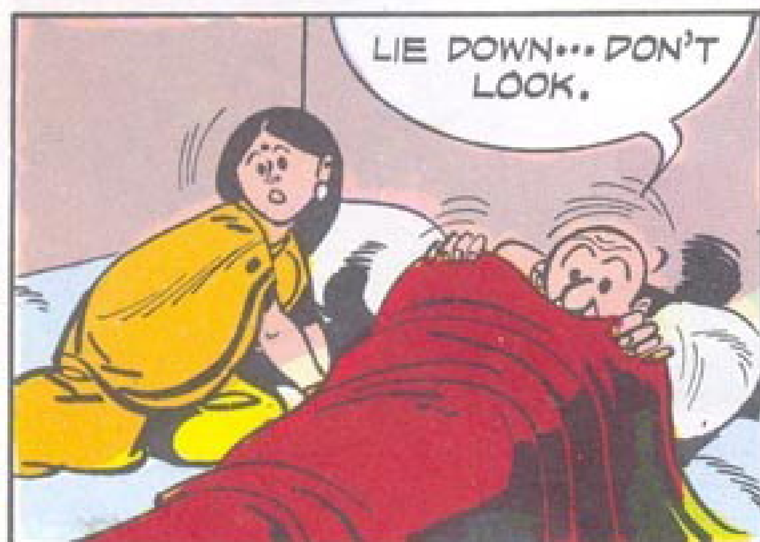















WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
I'LL TELL YOU. LISTEN...


MEANWHILE—
VOICES! THEY'RE AWAKE. I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THEY FALL ASLEEP.


I WONDER WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR MONEY.


THEY'RE SAYING SOMETHING. PERHAPS THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THEIR MONEY. I'D BETTER LISTEN CLOSELY.


WHAT SHOULD WE NAME OUR CHILD?
IF HE IS A BOY WE'LL CALL HIM RAMA.


RAMA? YES... THAT'S A GOOD NAME.


WHEN HE'S IN THE HOUSE, I'LL CALL OUT SOFTLY TO HIM. RAMA! RAMA!

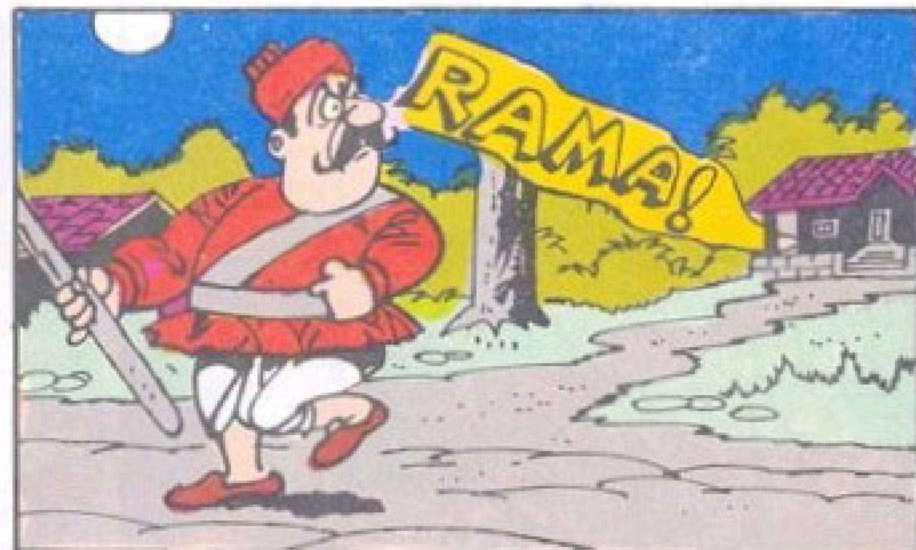

BUT WHAT IF HE'S IN THE YARD?
THEN I'LL CALL OUT A LITTLE LOUDER. RAMA, RAMA!


I WISH THEY WOULD STOP THIS SILLY GAME AND TALK ABOUT THEIR MONEY INSTEAD.


OR FALL ASLEEP AT LEAST!

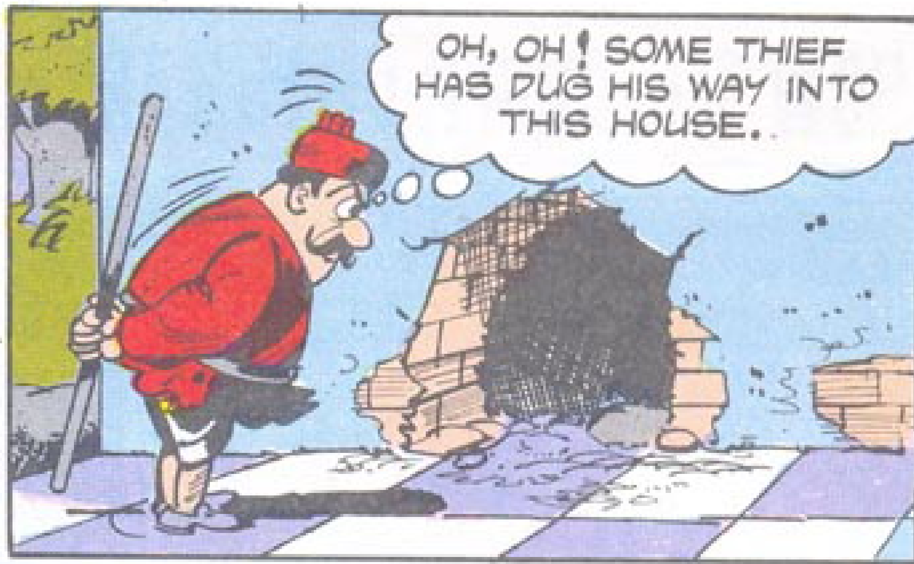

BUT MY DEAR, WHAT IF THE BOY IS NOT IN THE HOUSE OR IN THE YARD, BUT IN THE STREET?
OH, THEN I'LL CALL OUT VERY LOUDLY...

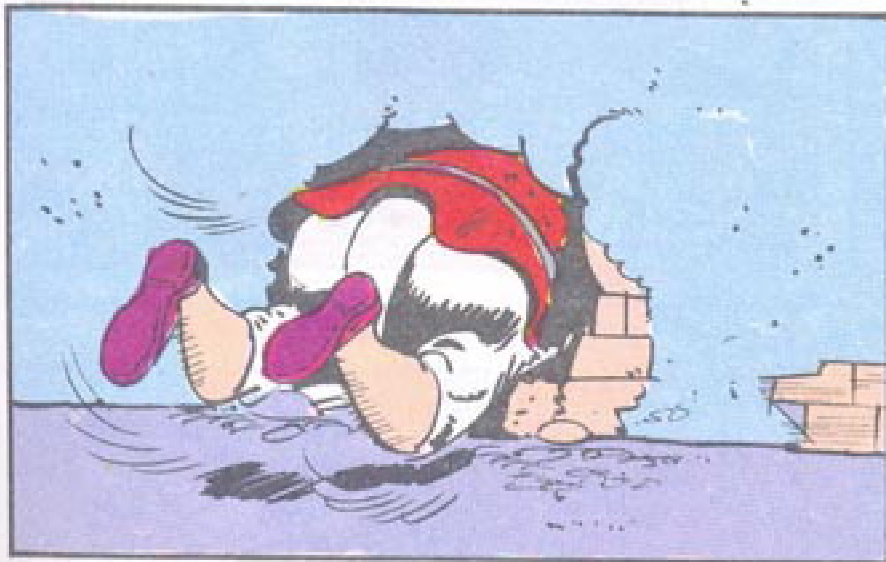

RAMA! RAMA!

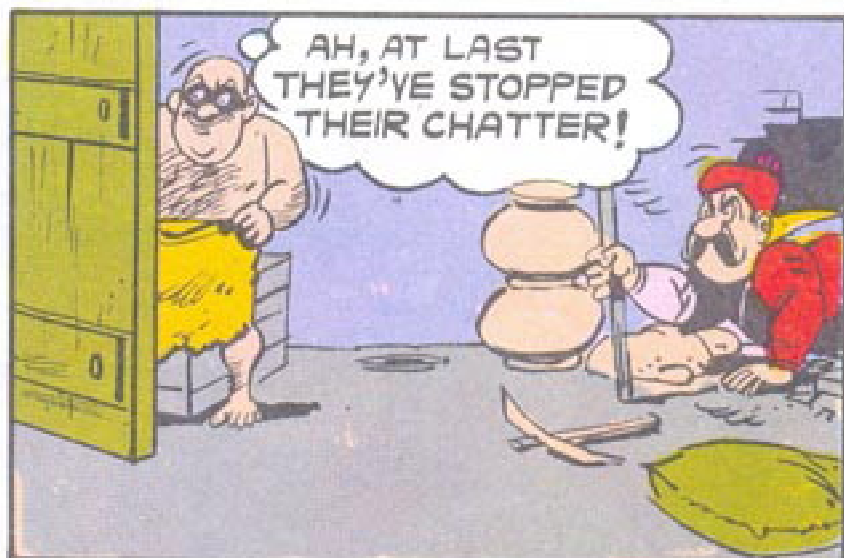

RAMA!


RAMA!

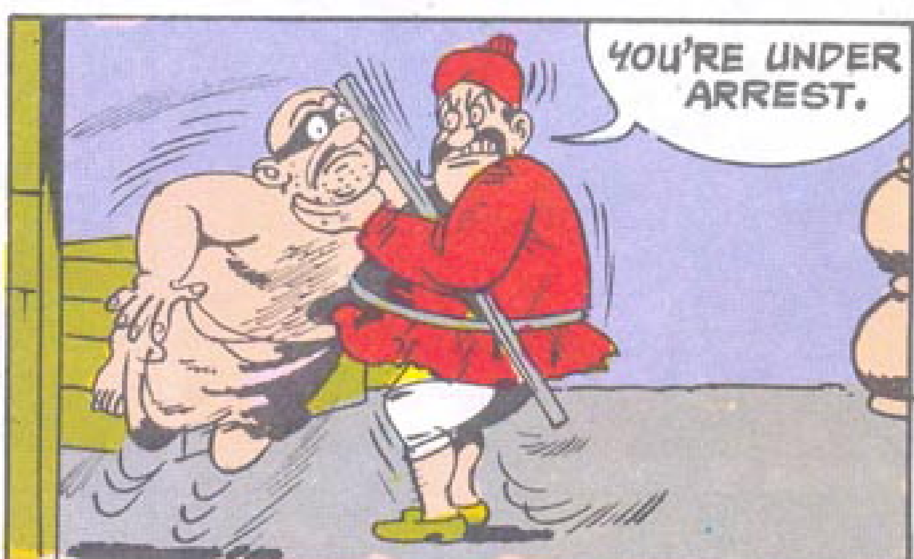

RAMA, THE VILLAGE KOTWAL, RAN TO THE HOUSE FROM WHICH HE HEARD HIS NAME BEING CALLED.

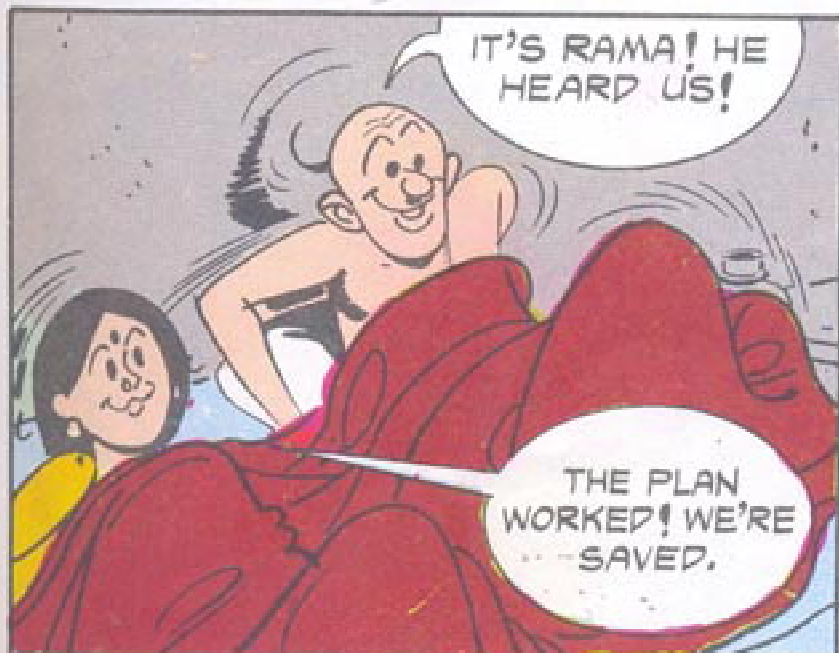

OH, OH! SOME THIEF HAS DUG HIS WAY INTO THIS HOUSE.

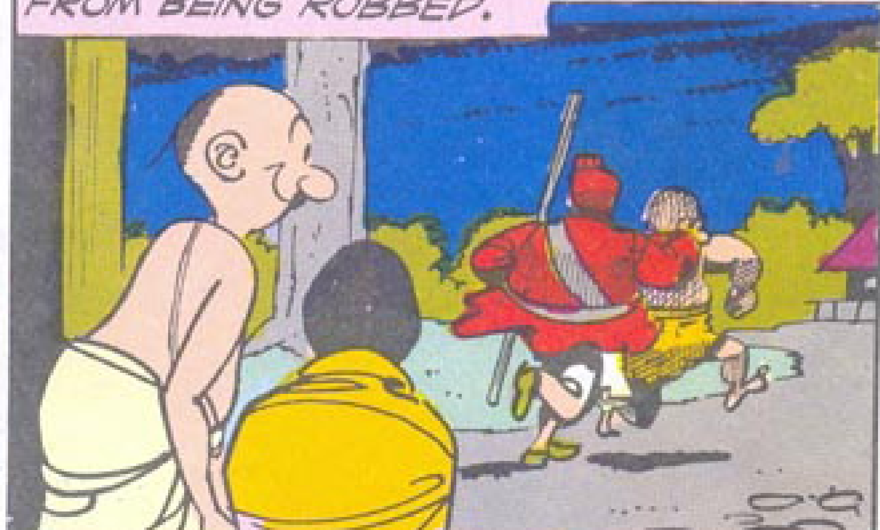



AH, AT LAST THEY'VE STOPPED THEIR CHATTER!


NOW SOON THEY'LL GO TO SLEEP AND... EH!

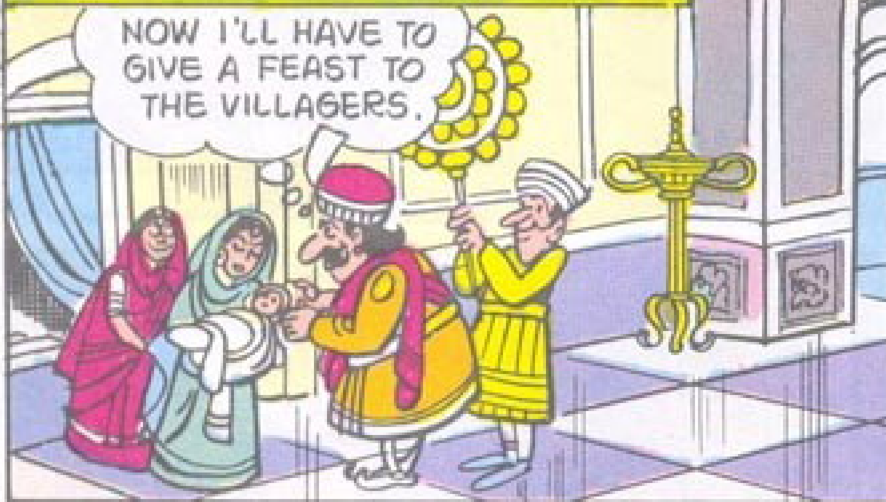

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

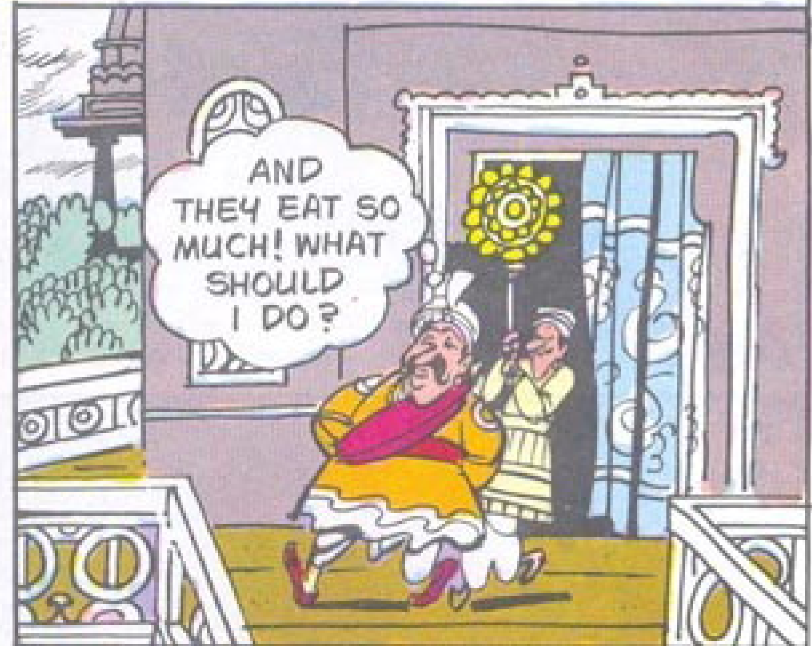

IT'S RAMA! HE HEARD US!
THE PLAN WORKED! WE'RE SAVED.


THE MAN AND HIS WIFE BY THEIR CLEVERNESS HAD SAVED THEMSELVES FROM BEING ROBBED.

HOW THE MISER OUTSMARTED HIMSELF

Adapted from the folktale as told by the late Saguna Manjeshwar
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar





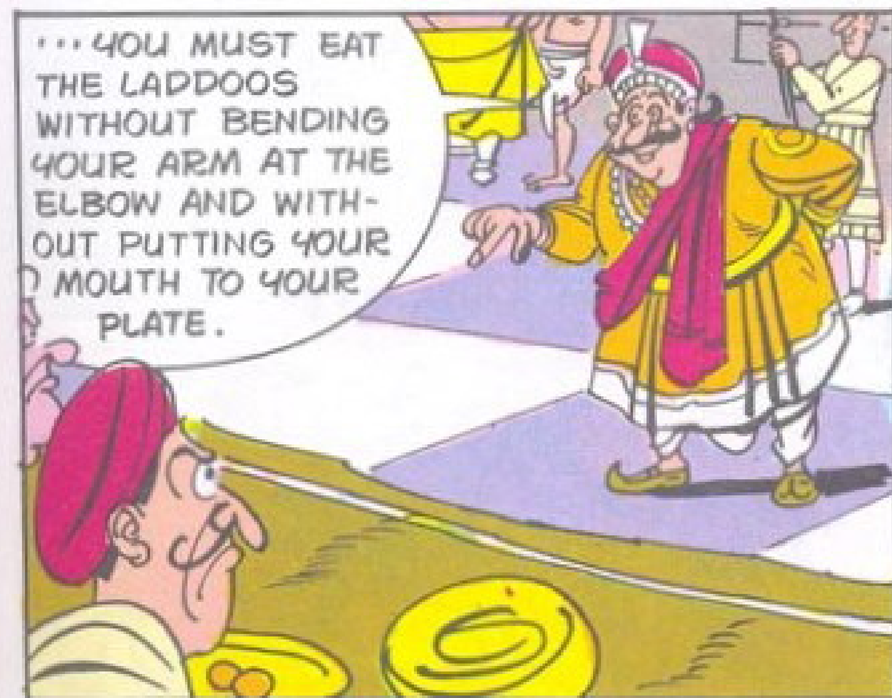




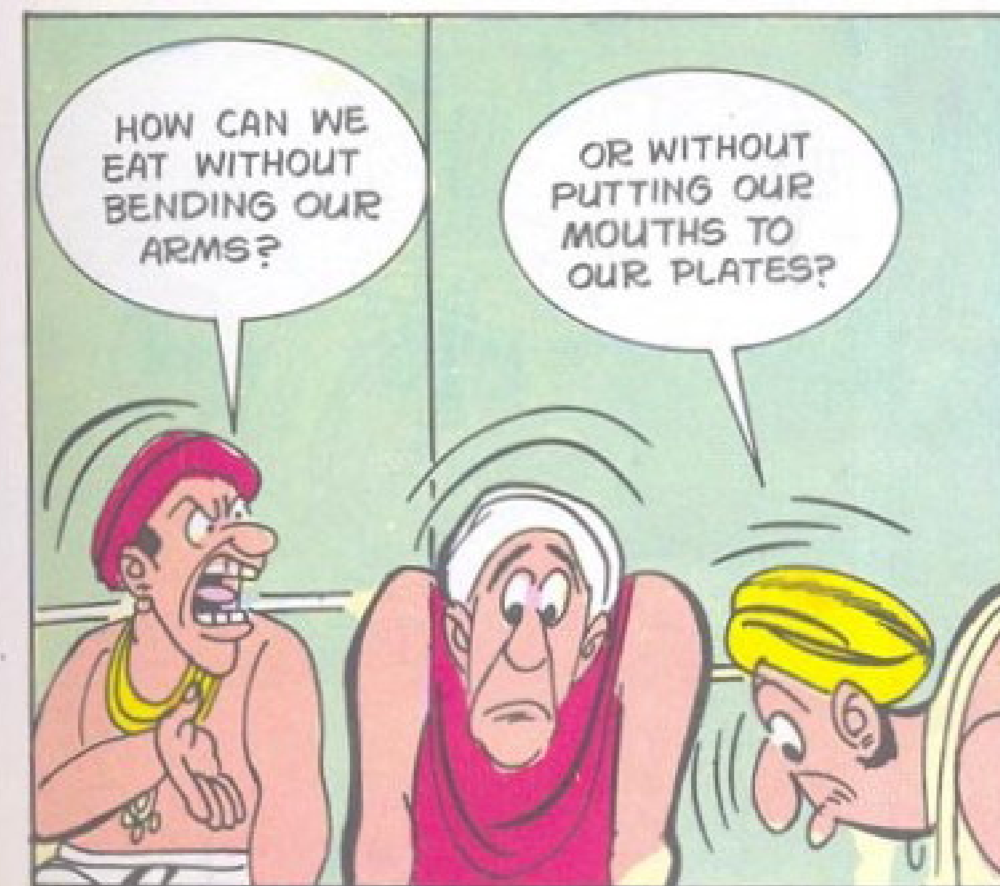



WELL, AS SOON AS YOU FINISH THOSE TWO, YOU WILL BE SERVED ANOTHER TWO AND WHEN YOU FINISH THOSE, ANOTHER TWO AND SO ON.


BESIDES, FOR EVERY LADDOO YOU EAT YOU WILL BE PAID TWO RUPEES. BUT...


...YOU MUST EAT THE LADDOOS WITHOUT BENDING YOUR ARM AT THE ELBOW AND WITH-OUT PUTTING YOUR MOUTH TO YOUR PLATE.


NOW YOU MAY START.


HOW CAN WE EAT WITHOUT BENDING OUR ARMS?
OR WITHOUT PUTTING OUR MOUTHS TO OUR PLATES?


THEY'LL HAVE TO GET UP WITHOUT EATING NOW! HEEHEE!

THEN SUDDENLY ONE MAN GOT AN IDEA.

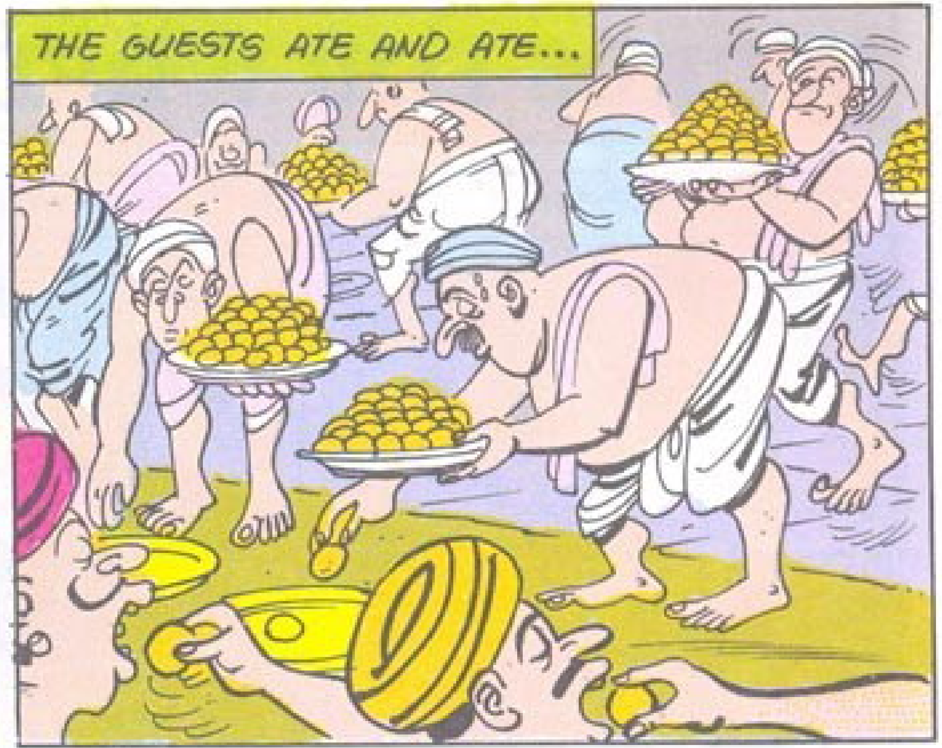
I KNOW HOW WE CAN DO IT!

WHAT ARE THEY WHISPERING?

LET THEM WHISPER. THERE'S NO WAY THEY CAN EAT WITHOUT BENDING THEIR ELBOWS...

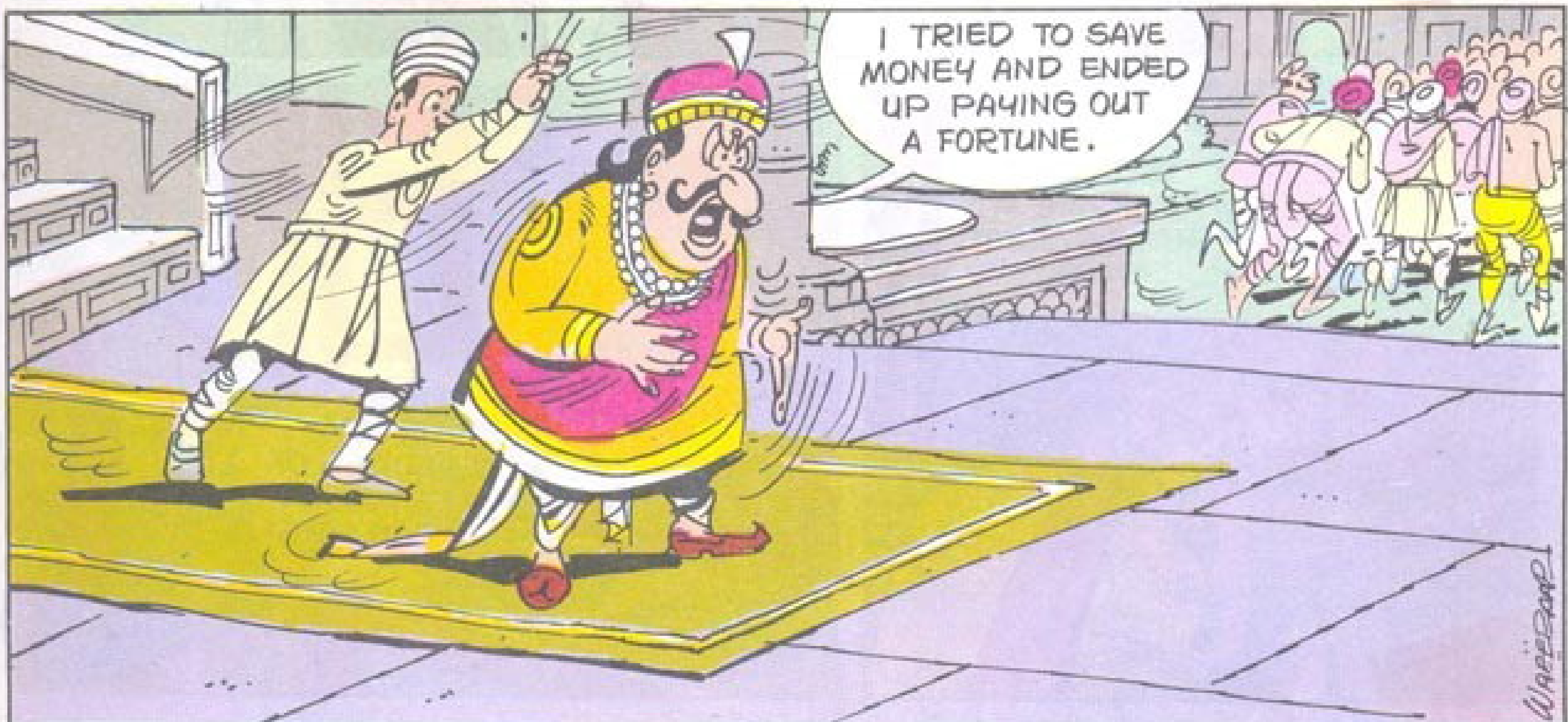
...OR WITHOUT... WHAT ARE THEY DOING!


THEY'VE TRICKED ME! EACH MAN IS FEEDING HIS NEIGHBOUR!


THE GUESTS ATE AND ATE...


...MUCH TO THE DISMAY OF THEIR HOST.
STOP! STOP! DON'T EAT SO MUCH! YOU'LL GET A STOMACH-ACHE!


AT THE END OF THE FEAST EACH GUEST HAD EATEN AT LEAST FIFTY LADDOOS!
MY STOMACH IS FULL AND I HAVE EARNED A HUNDRED RUPEES.
I HAVE EARNED A HUNDRED AND TWO!


I TRIED TO SAVE MONEY AND ENDED UP PAYING OUT A FORTUNE.

WORDS FOR WORDS

Story: P. Varadarajan

Illustrations: V. B. Halbe

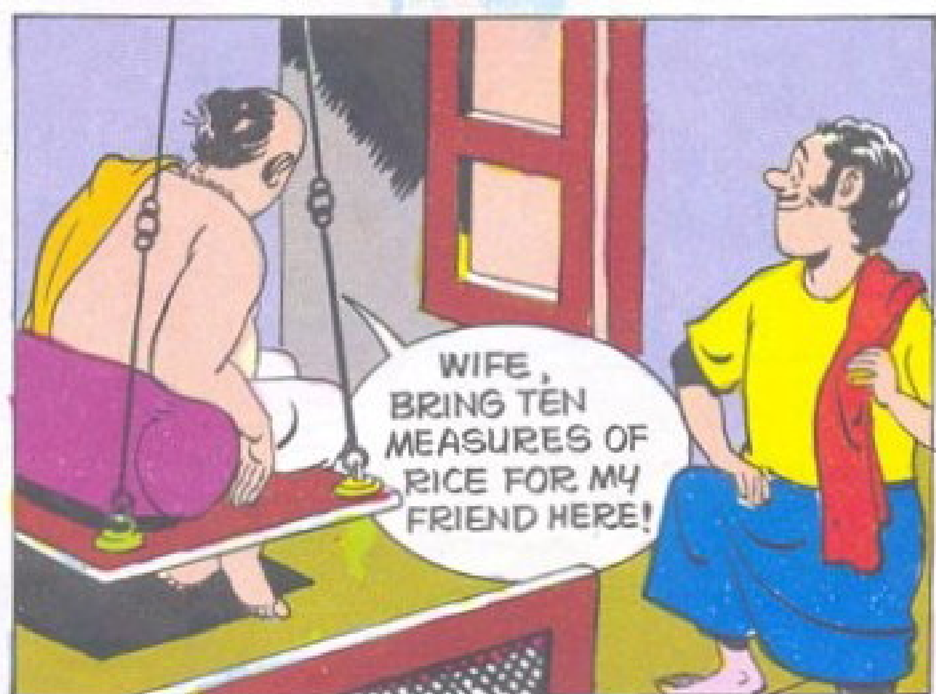


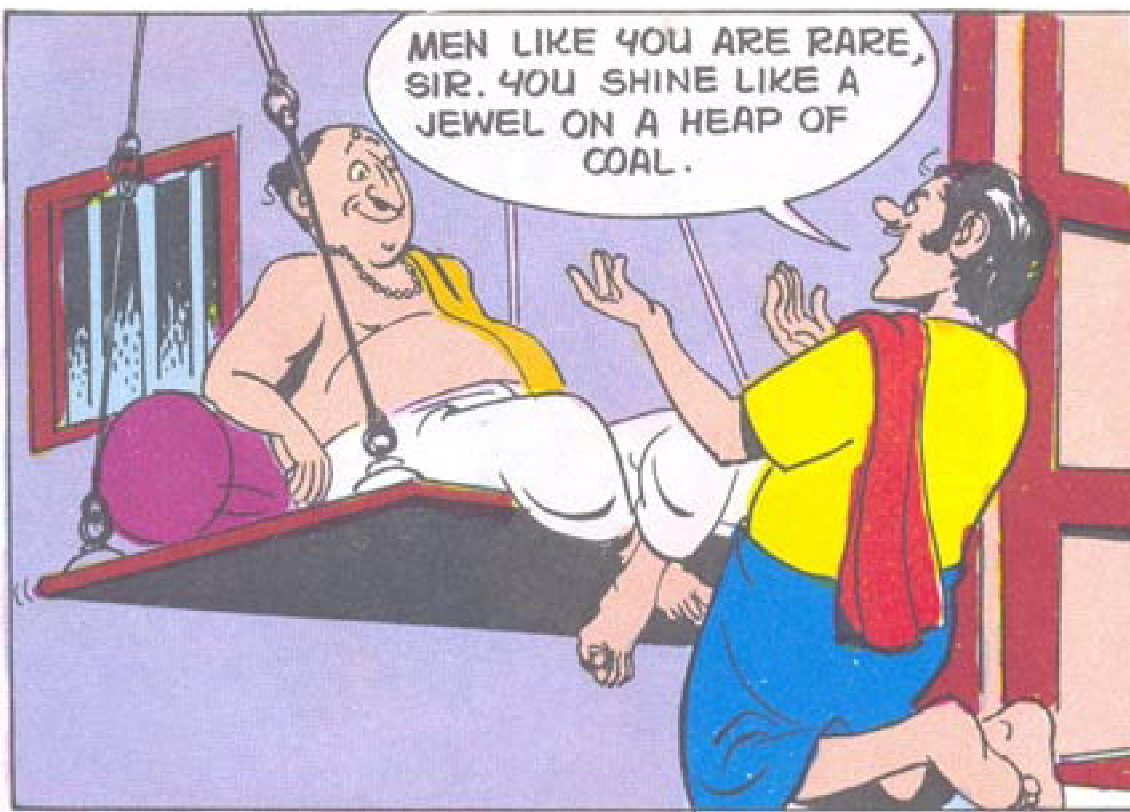


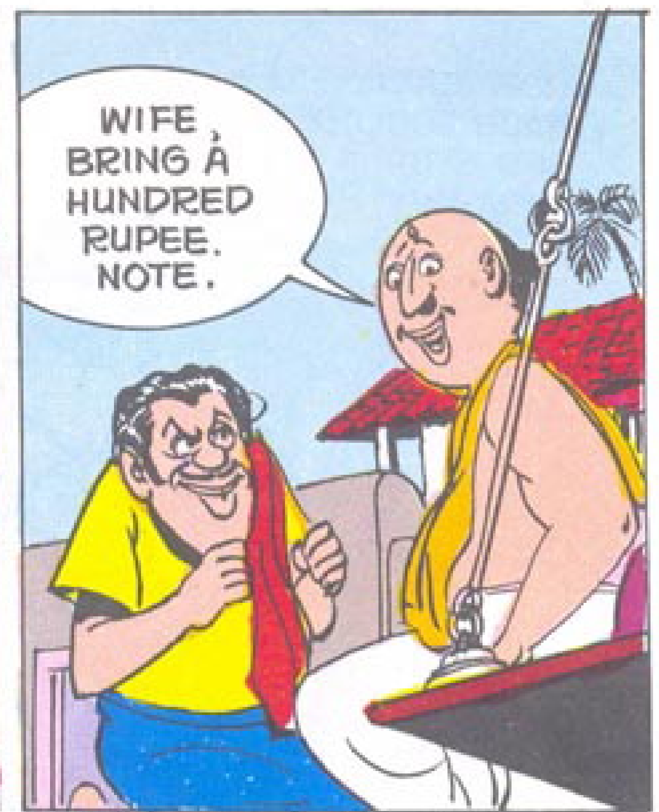




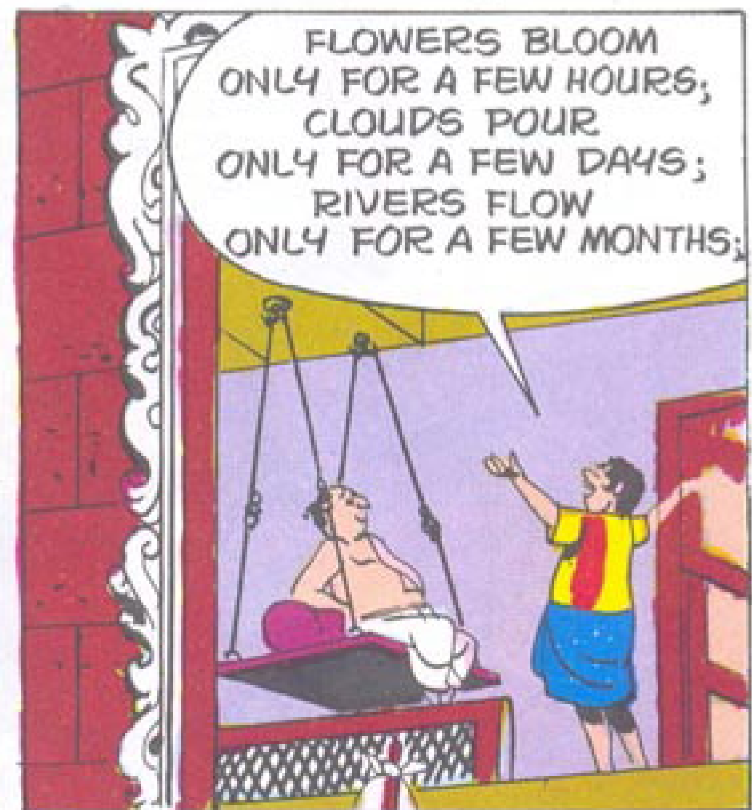


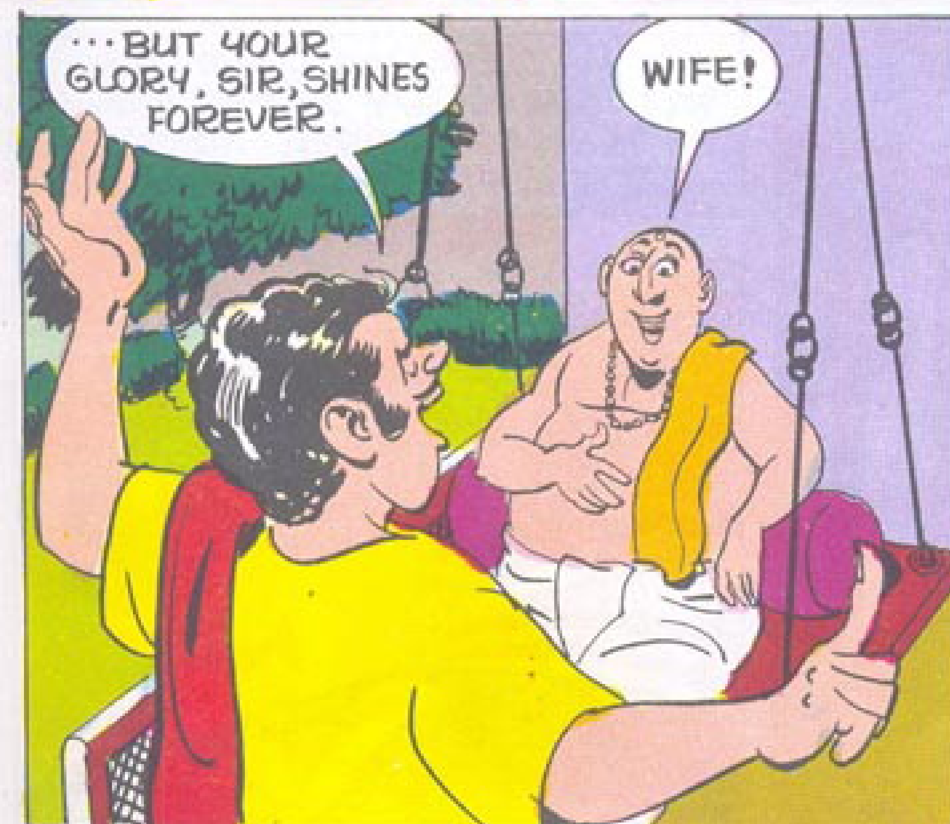



MEN LIKE YOU ARE RARE, SIR. YOU SHINE LIKE A JEWEL ON A HEAP OF COAL.


WIFE, BRING A HUNDRED RUPEE. NOTE.


LET ME RECITE A VERSE IN YOUR HONOUR, SIR.


FLOWERS BLOOM ONLY FOR A FEW HOURS; CLOUDS POUR ONLY FOR A FEW DAYS; RIVERS FLOW ONLY FOR A FEW MONTHS;


...BUT YOUR GLORY, SIR, SHINES FOREVER.
WIFE!


BRING TWO SILK DHOTIES.


HOW EASILY I HAVE FOOLED, THIS STUPID FELLOW!


ER...WHY HAVEN'T THE GIFTS COME AS YET, SIR.
GIFTS?


NOW, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH YOUR WORDS?
I...ER... MADE YOU HAPPY.


WELL, I HAVE MADE YOU HAPPY WITH MINE.


WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?
Halbe


THE MAN REALISED THAT THE VILLAGERS WERE NOT AS SIMPLE AS THEY LOOKED AND HASTILY LEFT THE VILLAGE.

RAMAN'S CAT

READERS' CHOICE

Illustrations: V.B. Halbe

Based on a story sent by Syed Ashfaq Najeed, Hyderabad





